

Volume X

Number 4

Colored American Magazine

APRIL, 1906

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THE HOWARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY

THE SITUATION IN AFRICA

THE NEGRO IN SOUTH CAROLINA

THE HOWARD ORPHAN ASYLUM

HERE AND THERE

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 PSYCHOLOGY**

—By Josephine Silone Yates, A. M.

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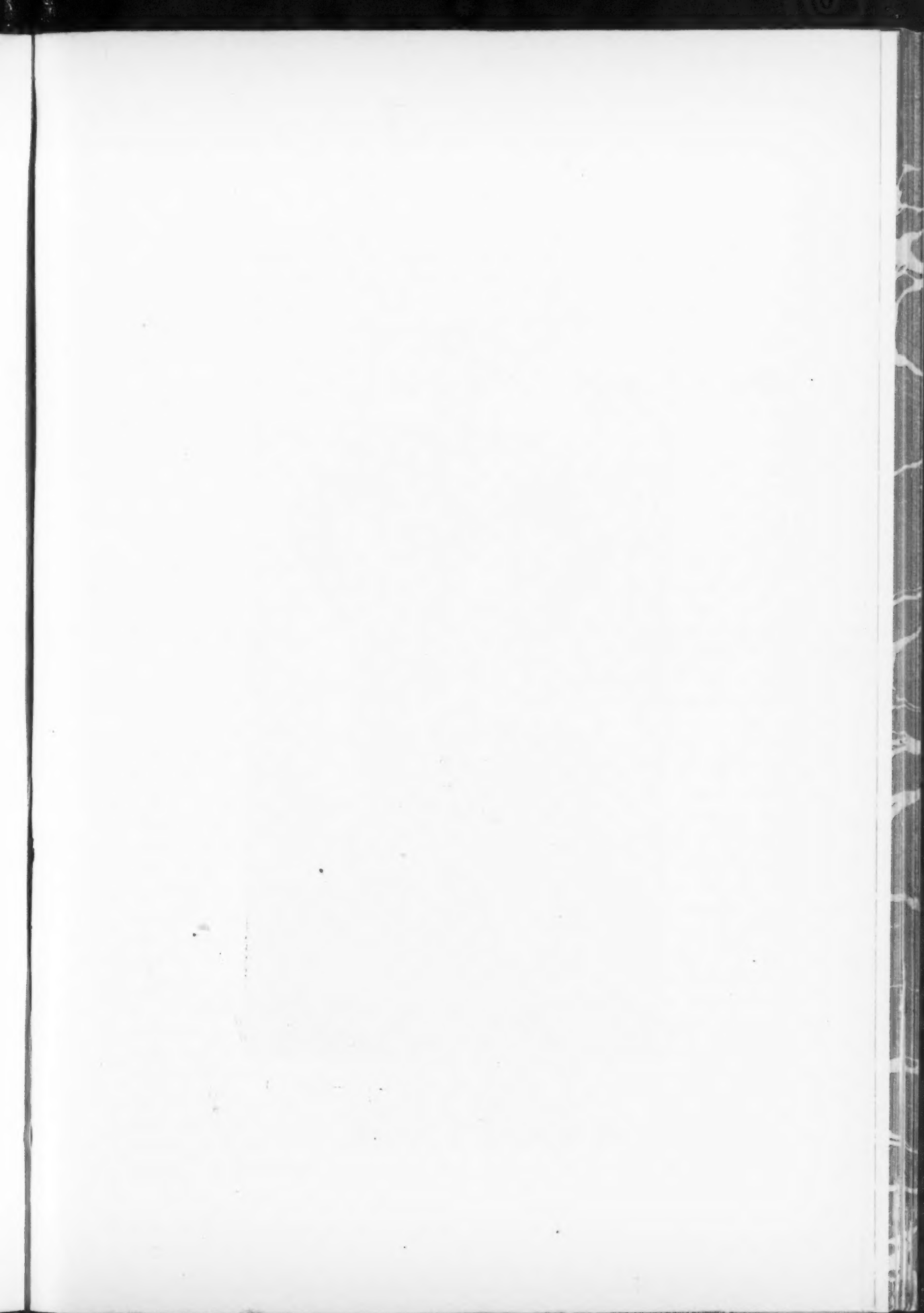
**INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN THE
 NEW YORK PUBLIC SCHOOLS**

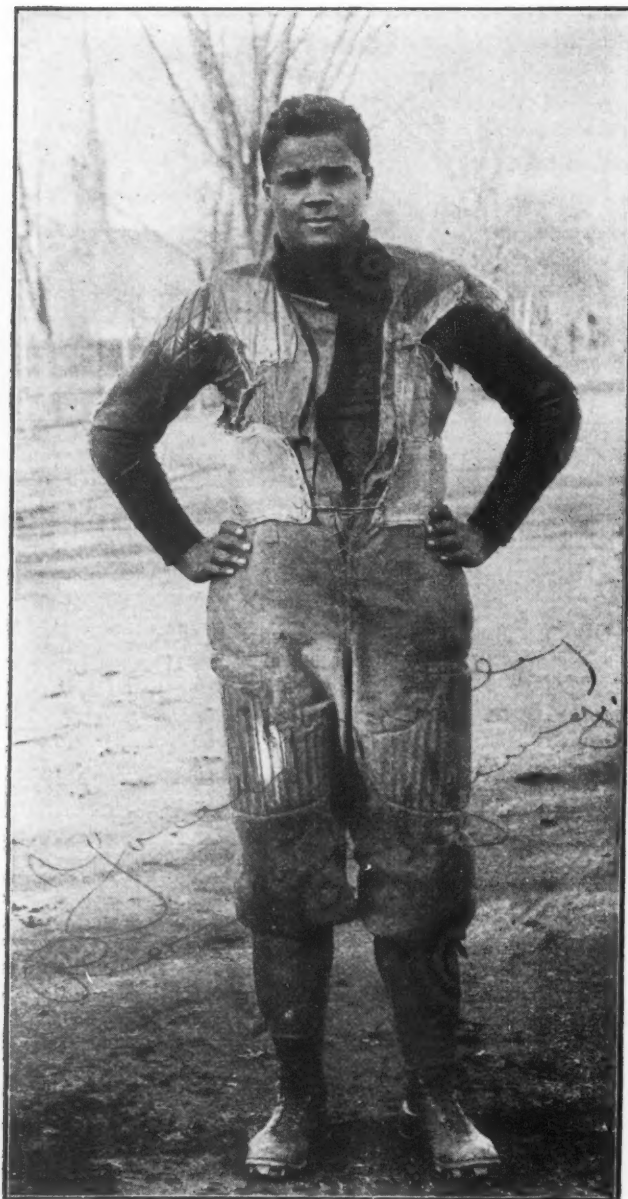
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ROY M. YOUNG, UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS—(See p. 2;t)

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

APRIL, 1906.

NO. 4

The Utica Normal and Industrial Institute

FROM the humble beginning three years ago, of a school room under spreading oaks, near the little village of Utica, Miss., the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute has reached what some would term a zenith, but as recognized by the Principal, Mr. W. H. Holtzclaw, it has just placed its foot on the first round of the ladder of usefulness.

The Principal of the institution, Mr. W. H. Holtzclaw, is a man consecrated to the uplift of his people; and though young in years, has grasped the only solution to our race problem: i. e., that in proportion as the masses of our people are brought to be self-respecting, educated citizens and property owners, in the same proportion will the whole Negro race receive every right. Mr. Holtzclaw was so impressed with the useful life of Dr. Washington while in school, at Tuskegee,

and realized so strongly that the masses of the colored people can only be reached through the medium of industries, that he early came to the conclusion that it was in the state of Mississippi, one of the most needy sections of the South, that he could be of most service to his people.

He graduated from Tuskegee in 1898, and having entirely worked his way through school, was without means even

to pay his fare to Mississippi. So he accepted a place with W. J. Edwards' school at Snow Hill, Ala., and served him one year as a printer, one year as assistant treasurer and one year as treasurer. In the fall of 1902 he came to the village of Utica and there, under the spreading oaks, where he might "commune with nature in her visible forms," he began the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute. After soliciting the sympathy and co-operation



PRINCIPAL, HOLTZCLAW

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FACULTY OF UTICA NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE

of the better class of the citizens of Utica he, together with two of his co-workers, cut the timber from the pine forests around Utica for the first building. This aroused enthusiasm among the people. He received the heartiest support of both white and black in the county.

The weather was getting so that it was impossible to teach under the oak, and the people finally succeeded in obtaining the old county school house to continue the session until the first building could be finished.

The assistance of northern white friends was solicited. There was a marked progress in the natural broadening of the school, until now its situa-

tion comprises a farm of 103 acres of land; from the open air it has come to fourteen buildings, large and small; from two students and one teacher, to four hundred students and twenty-one teachers.

But the real useful work of the school can not be measured by buildings and land. Its influence upon the people of that community for creating and endeavoring to reach higher ideals is so remarkable, and the possibilities and probabilities for greater work in the future so encouraging, that one can not visit the institution without leaving more hopeful of the future of the Negro race.

In establishing a curriculum for the

institution, Professor Holtzclaw did not overdraw his imagination in trying to teach the students the rules which govern the translation of a Latin or Greek passage, when they knew nothing of a decent home, of living moral lives; nor did he try to belittle the proper sphere of education, but rather he sought to establish a course which would meet the needs of people of his section. He proceeded on the well known Tuskegeelines, that basic work must be done; a foundation must be laid first. Mr. Holtzclaw, like Booker T. Washington, does not say that the Negro should not receive higher education, but, like Dr. Washington also, he does say that for the masses of the colored people, who have not yet learned hardly



Principal Holtzclaw and two co-workers.

the first principles of modern civilization, the knowledge of Greek, Latin, Calculus, or anything of that nature, is hardly needed, certainly not at this stage.

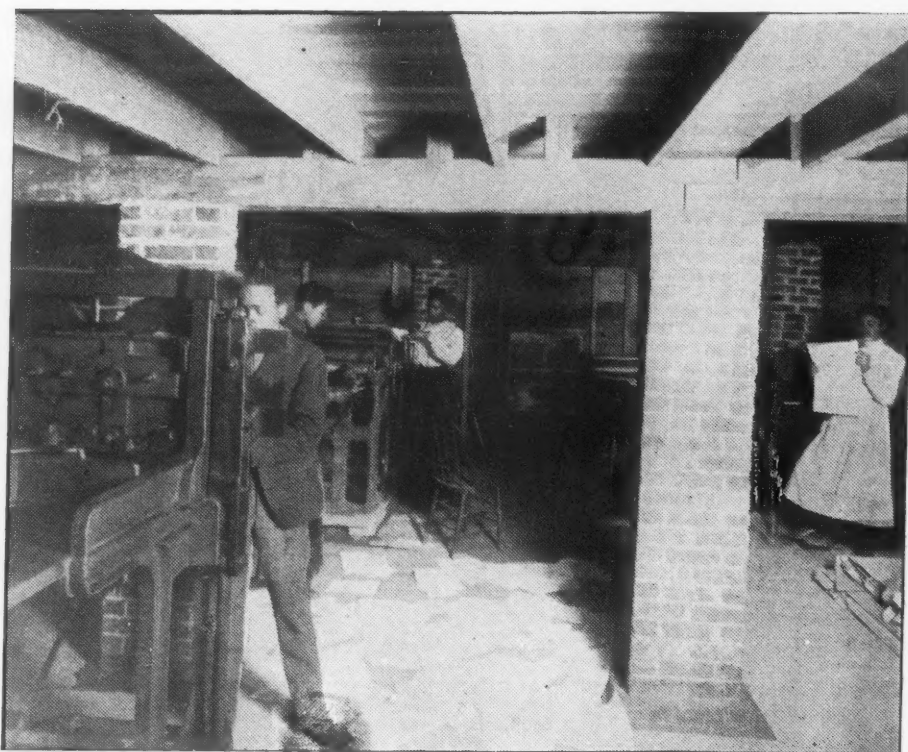
The colored people during the years of slavery obtained a knowledge of certain useful trades, which if they were in the possession of the Afro-American and put into practice, would make that section the mint of the world.

A Negro child has that innate knowledge

of agriculture, which the institution takes as a natural basis, enlarging upon it and turning it into scientific agriculture. The institute also teaches carpentry, blacksmithing, wheelwrighting, painting, practical farming, stock-raising, shoemaking, brickmaking, house-



Old county school house, where the school was first taught



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRINTING OFFICE.



TEACHERS AT LUNCH.

keeping, poultry raising, serving, book-binding, laundering, cooking, brick-laying, harness-making and milinery.

In the Printing Department the students publish the "Institute News," invitations, programmes, and do all job work for the community, as well as the entire work of the institute.

Mr. Holtzclaw early realized that in order to enhance the moral and spiritual tone of the community, an effort should be put forth to get the people in better homes. The first step in this direction was the organization of a Farmers' Conference, composed of the farmers in and around Utica, which meets annually at the institute. In these meetings the farmers tell of their "ups and downs,"

and are then instructed and advised by experienced people in these lines.

The testimony of a farmer in the last annual meeting is a clear proof of the good this organization is doing. This farmer arose in the audience and said: "Less than four years ago, when Prof. Holtzclaw lectured to us on buying homes, I felt at first that it was impossible, so far as I was concerned, but after studying awhile on the subject I believed that I, too, could have a home. I had saved a little money each year for a number of years, but really did not know what to do with it. Having found a profitable way in which to spend my money, I began at once the effort to buy a home. I have had a



STUDENTS ERECTING A BUILDING.

hard struggle, but with it I have the home, and sixty additional acres of land, all paid for. Brethren, I am a different man. My wife and children

Another profitable movement instigated by the Principal is the visiting of the darkest sections of the state by the faculty. By getting out amongst the



SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

all look better." And thus the talks of other farmers in the meeting showed the wonderful influence and the importance of this movement.



MISSISSIPPI HALL.

people they can bring before them the things which fit their individual needs. They can also reach persons who are unable to attend the institute. As a direct result of this industrial propaganda, the masses of the colored people will be content to stay on the farms and thus make a permanent place for themselves and families.

The credit for the greater part of this work belongs to the superior judgment of Mrs. Mary E. Holtzclaw, the wife of Principal Holtzclaw. She is in hearty co-operation with his work.

It takes \$5,000 annually to maintain this institution. The greater part of this amount comes from northern white friends, but both the white and black people of the immediate community lend their financial and moral aid, and to an astonishing degree. This statement may be strengthened by simply stating that Bishop Charles B. Galloway is chair-

man of the Trustee Board, while Mr. W. J. Ferguson, president of the Bank of Utica, is treasurer.

The Utica Institute does not belong to any denomination and is therefore supported by no organization, but it receives its support by donations from philanthropic people, who are interested in the uplift of the Negro people here

in this most needy section of the black belt of the South.

This work is destined to be a factor in the development of the Negro in this state, and by an adequate proof of his philanthropic spirit and from his public speeches, Principal Holtzclaw shows that in matters affecting his race he will make a leader safe and sane.

In Hanover County, Virginia

From the Hampton (Va.) Southern Workman

COLLECTIVELY the colored people make a good showing in Hanover along material lines. Colored men own considerable land and are often good farmers. The past year, for instance, a Negro received the highest price for tobacco in the county. The following will give some idea of the size of the farms owned by colored people, using Henry District as fairly typical of the county. Here there are 409 colored owners: 242 of them have less than 10 acres each; 109 have from 10 to 25 acres each; and 58 have over 25 acres each; 23 of the last group range from 35 acres to 252 acres each. Out of a total of 289,332 acres in the county, exclusive of the town of Ashland, colored people own 20,307 acres. Of the total real estate of the county assessed at \$1,741,167.44, Negroes own \$139,789.65. But their individual hold-

ings are in most cases too small to enable them to earn a living upon them alone in the present state of agriculture in the county. They either rent more land or work for larger landowners in addition to tending their own crops. So far most of the efforts of the colored people at acquiring property have gone into land getting. They seem to have paid little attention to their houses. The absence of good houses is especially noticeable when the comparatively large land holdings are considered. Many of the older men do not seem interested in having better houses. Their homes are often unnecessarily small and bad. These conditions no doubt beget much of the crime and immorality usually charged to the colored people of this county. One of the greatest needs of the Negroes of Hanover County is better homes.



The Negro Women's Club Movement

BY REUBEN B. SHOCKLEY

THERE has been so very much written on the Negro Women's Club Movement, by many who are far abler than I to deal with the subject, that I shall hardly do more than reiterate much that has been written. However those who are interested in the movement cannot but agree with me in this: until the club organizations among the women are as numerous as our churches reiteration cannot be too frequent.

There are many people who several years ago smiled with benevolent sarcasm or dealt in jest at even the mention of an Afro American Women's Club. Indeed, the idea was too absurd to ridicule. Yet those who hissed then are beginning to realize seriously the meaning of the movement, and to appreciate its undeniable helpful and uplifting influence, together with its wide possibilities. What Afro-American men frowned down not long ago, they are now openly encouraging; and ambitious Afro-American women are at present entering into all fields of labor where prejudice does not exclude them.

Twenty-five years ago Afro-American women, whose emergence from bondage was still afresh in their memories, were so engrossed with the duties and cares in their homes (if they were fortunate enough to have them) that, with the possible exception of the church, nothing else claimed their attention. Not until the all pervading want of educa-

tion was felt, did their attention venture outside of the home; how the mothers and fathers of the race worked and sacrificed (and do yet) to send their children to school is a familiar and pleasant story.

After a lapse of a few more years what do we find? Thousands of the best women of the Afro-American people interested each other after her own fancy in some helpful and progressive movement. "The Do Something Circle," "The Sewing Bee," "The Literary Class," "The Mercy and Help Departments" and many other similar bands, all of which are carrying on good and needed work. If these bands would unite one with another and form larger clubs where unity and harmony could be promoted, how much more good could be accomplished, what greater influence could be exerted! The time is here when black men and black women must stand side by side and work together for the intellectual, civil and social uplift of the entire race.

To help solve many of the perplexing problems is constantly upon the minds of Afro-American women. They are thinking about it; and the advent of a Women's Club, coming as it usually does after a school, and oftentimes college education, is as significant as beneficial. The Afro-American Women's Club gives women amidst the trials and duties of every day life the advantage of not only retaining their school day knowledge,

but it is also the means of increasing the strength of their intellectuality. It not only increases a higher standard of education mentally, but it assists the moral spirit. It not only brings them in contact with minds of and beyond their own calibre, but broadens them in the sphere of higher thinking. Not only are they fast acquiring the ability to use book knowledge, but that saving information which must necessarily be gained from all sources. It also enables them to put to practical use during their daily life much of the knowledge acquired.

These clubs, scattered through this broad land, are not fancies, we are proud to testify. They are realities growing, fostered with care, in some places small, it is true; and the individual may in a short space of time pass far beyond the masses, still time must be taken to develop the masses. Thus if a preponderating result cannot be shown at the present time, it is because time is needed to develop them more fully. Those who are watching the race climb upward will rejoice to hear that the best there is in Afro American womanhood are connected with these clubs. A higher and more ennobling work they cannot find; the helping of the less fortunate sister to rise above her dead self is the quintessence of service, and there is no better way to elevate them than through the Afro-American Women's Club.

The great diversity of opinion as to the kind of club which prevails among the women does not prevent them from choosing whatever she prefers, wherever she can with energetic earnestness work

unremittingly. Communities that have clubs are the harvest grounds of the pioneer club woman. She may sow the seeds of organization, and the small circle she may draw about her will be the nucleus of a larger and more potent organization. The truth of this can readily be discerned in the larger cities where we find:

EDUCATIONAL CLUBS.—The subject of education in all its phases is discussed, lectures of real worth are listened to with interest and invaluable knowledge is imparted to those who foster the mental training of children.

LITERARY CLUBS.—These encourage literary endeavor, delve into book lore, expanding upon that which is most beneficial to the members.

MUSICAL CLUBS.—The advantages of these have already impressed the young women with their importance. In large measure these clubs have stimulated the thirst for classical music.

ART CLUBS.—The members are becoming skilled in the art of painting and sculpture, accomplishments of which their foreparents never dreamed.

SEWING CLUBS.—These teach the art of needlework among those less skilled.

Indeed numerous clubs could be named which mitigate the sufferings of the sick, relieve destitution, and help the needy and unfortunate; and in many ways exhibit their usefulness.

A rapidly striding people of wide vision and activities is the fruit of forty years of freedom, and although the club movement is yet in its infancy, the time is not far in the distance when the great, good and practical results will be more plainly seen and felt. Organiza-

tion is needed; the smaller circles should merge into the clubs, and these in turn should be banded into Federations, where plans more definite and government more consistent with larger bodies could be secured; where officers and members could feel and act with a full responsibility of their duty; where the improvements (singly) of the clubs, collectively as a federation could be steadily

advanced. And may the time not be far distant when the Afro-American Women's Club movement will be responsible for a central and live National Federation, with clubs located in every community.

Such would be the great centre from which all persons, far and near, should derive better standards of higher thinking and nobler living.

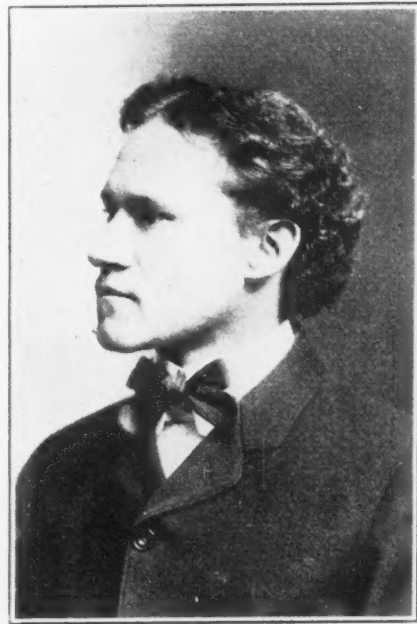
Football: Its Defenders and Champions

BY PHIL WATERS

EVERYBODY is interested in football. In every American college and high school the football player is the hero of the hour, and wherever a few men happen to come together the one topic of conversation is the condition of the team or the chances of winning the next game.

Nor is this interest confined to the college world alone. The great rushing world of business pauses a moment to read and discuss the news from the football field, and the busy doctor and lawyer, the suave politician and reserved diplomat are glad to lay aside their professional cares to study with delight the movements of the young giants of the gridiron. Even the clergyman makes an effort to see at least one of the annual games.

The reason for this interest in the game and for its wide popularity is not far to seek. Men have always admired a man, and all the world knows that it



PHIL WATERS

is only real, virile men who can succeed at football. For this reason, in every university or college, where there are colored students they invariably win

honor and fame, not only in the inter-collegiate debates and oratorical contests, but in the strenuous athletic battles, particularly at football, some hero in ebony is continually bursting forth

as a star of the first magnitude. The season of 1905 was no exception, and for the benefit of the many readers of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, we present the portraits of four of the most brilliant students, athletes and men attending any of the great colleges, with a brief sketch of each.

Robert H. Marshall, of the University of Minnesota, is regarded by many experts as the best end in the United States. Walter Camp, the famous football authority, gave him a position on the second All-American eleven and stated: "Very few gains have been made around his end this year. He is quick in discerning a play, powerful and sure as a tackler and in carrying the ball has made consistent gains."

The leading critics of the West who have seen this Colored wonder play during the past three years unanimously agree that he stands next to Shevlin, the giant end of Yale, as the most finished football player on the American gridiron. He is noted for his great endurance to enable him to make long dashes up and down the field in pursuit of punts, he has the strength and weight, he has a quick eye and is without an equal in solving the tricks of his opponents. His almost impossible feat of kicking twelve



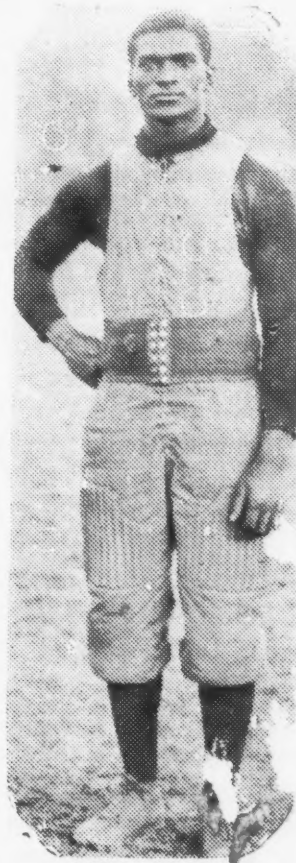
ROBERT H. MARSHALL, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

goals, from as many different angles, out of twelve chances, in the Minnesota Northwestern game on the 26th of November, created a new record in football annals. Mr. Marshall graduated from the Minneapolis Central High School in 1902 and entered the Law Department of the University of Minnesota in 1903. He is a member of the track, base-ball, hockey and tennis teams and has won several medals as a bicyclist. He is treated with exceptional courtesy by the whole student body and has a very scholarly rating in his classes.

Roy M. Young, of the University of Illinois, is another one of the sons of Ham who is demonstrating that all we want is a chance. When it is known that this young man is playing on a college team, representing a student body of 3711 in number, that absolutely refused to play the football team of the University of Northwestern in the fall of 1893, because George Jewett, a colored man, was a member of that team, we must confess that the "sun sho do move." He is right tackle; big, tall and massive, yet in no way muscle bound, active as a cat and willing to do not only his own work, but if necessary the work of one of the backs, he is worth everything to his team. In the great Michigan game, Young was the only player that made any gains through Yosts' impregnable line, a team that has only been beaten once in five years, and then by what we term a "fluke." His offensive work in this game was enough to stamp him as one of the greatest football players in the West; active and with a natural aptitude for

the sport, he was easily the star of the Illinois line. Mr. Young graduated from the Springfield, Ill., High School in 1903 and entered the University of Illinois the following year. During his first year at the University he won a scholarship by competitive examination and in his sophomore year he won another scholarship under the George Washington Educational Fund. He is at present a member of the Junior Class in Civil Engineering, and will undoubtedly prove to be one of the strongest students during his Senior year.

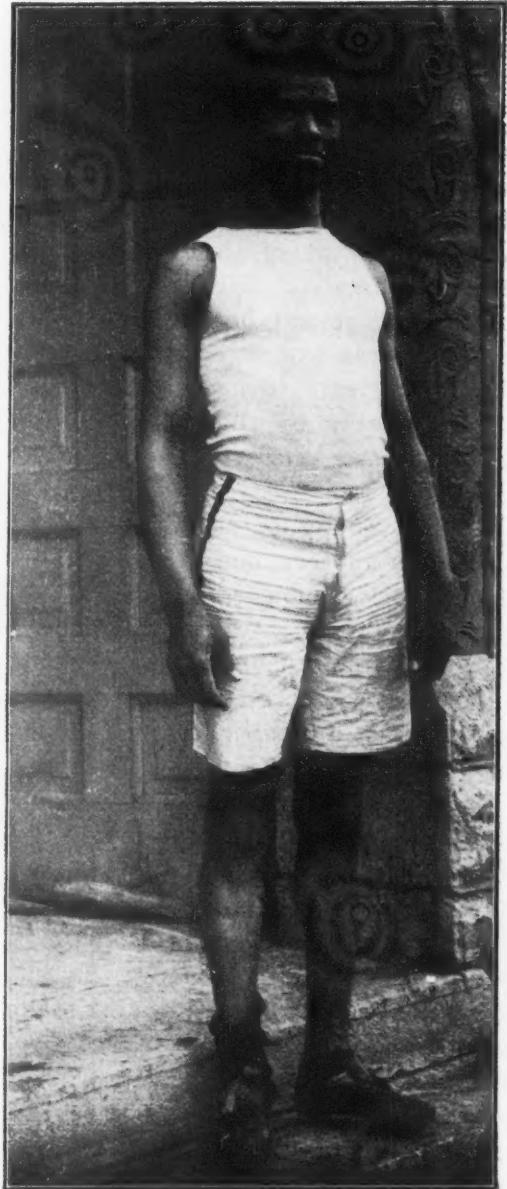
Every reader of the Ohio press is



"TED" GREEN
Western Reserve University.

familiar with this "gridiron greyhound," as he has been so termed by Ren Mulford, of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Not since the days of the great Jewett, the whirlwind half back of the University of Michigan in the early '90's, and the last colored man that has ever played on that wonderful team, has any half back been a leader in so many branches of college sport as "Ted" Green, the colored right half of Western Reserve University. He entered Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio, in 1902, made the position of right half and was the unanimous choice of the experts as right half of the all Ohio team. In 1902 he won the one hundred yard dash, third in the high jump and was regarded as the best all around athlete in Ohio. In 1905, in the game against Oberlin for the championship, by his marvelous, zigzag running, his hurdling, dodging and ability to creep an inch or two when tackled, he made the touchdown that gave his team the title of champions of Ohio. Mr. Green is now a student at the Law School of Western Reserve University and the past year was the individual college champion of the State. Winning the hundred yard dash and coming within one fifth of a second in equalling the world's inter-collegiate record for four hundred and forty yards. Green is a brilliant student and is well liked by his classmates.

William N. Johnson, of the University of Nebraska, has just completed his third year as a member of his college team. He plays end and the sporting editor of the Detroit Evening News,



WILLIAM N. JOHNSON, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.

who is an authority on Western football, commenting on his playing in the Michigan game, said: "The one particular star of the University of Nebraska Team was the colored end. He played

one of the best ends that has ever been seen on Ferry field. He was in every play, made the only perceptible gains, fought like a wild cat for all the distance that could be squeezed out, and displayed superhuman endurance. He

Marshall of Williams; Shannon, of Amherst; Roberts of Colorado College have received flattering endorsements from our leading sporting authorities, among our colored colleges Dr. R. L. Jones, captain and half back of the



DR. R. L. JONES, HOWARD UNIVERSITY.

reflected lasting credit upon his team, his University and his race." Mr. Johnson has been an instructor in the English Division of the Academic Department of Tuskegee Institute, Alabama and has an enviable record at the University of Nebraska as a scholar and gentleman.

invincible Howard University Team, now a practicing physician in West Virginia, seems to be the leading player any colored school ever produced, although many competent critics claim that Atwell's Tuskegee Tigers of Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, can beat any colored football team in America.



Paul Laurence Dunbar

...In Memoriam...

By JOSEPH SAMUEL REED

HIS life so earthly to be spent,
The greatest singer of his race—
His Lyre, a self-made instrument,
But 'twas not commonplace ;
It murmured sweetly his folk lore
In cadence all could understand ;
But then, again, his lyre could soar
To heights most truly grand.

HE loved his race, and sought to raise
It to a nobler, higher plane ;
Such was the burden of his praise
Aye ! even the refrain,
One needs but to recall his verse
That gladdens Ethiop's sorrowings
Aye ! one may say the universe—
'Tis "When Malindy Sings."

HIS "Strength of Gideon" is a strength
To many halting brothers' ways ;
Its fruitage will appear at length
By bringing helpful, peaceful days.
Although the Poet has gone hence
His cheerful songs with us remain
At once a glorious recompense—
He has not lived in vain.

SULLIVAN, INDIANA.

Testimony From Indian Territory

BY W. G. OVERTON

THE Afro-American people of the Southwest, and particularly of the Indian Territory, read so much in **THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE**, about the progress of the colored people in other sections of the country, that we have concluded to add just a word of testimony to the preponderating evidence in favor of the American Negro.

The Afro-American population of Wilburton and of the surrounding community is engaged, for the most part, in the mining industry. This is quite a coal mine district, and the laborer here finds sufficient work, and receives good pay for it.

In Wilburton proper, many Afro-Americans own their homes, and a few hold titles to additional lands. There are two Afro-American churches within the corporation, the edifice of the Methodist Church being the finest in the county. The moral life of the people, while not all to be desired, is high enough for gratification and is rapidly improving.

Quite a few colored men are engaged in business enterprises hereabouts, many of them holding good positions in the larger mercantile establishments. Directly under the control of colored men are two grocery stores, two restaurants, two barbershops, a large pool parlor, and a candy kitchen. The candy kitchen, which is under the control of Currin Brothers, is quite a large and

prosperous establishment, and numbers among its patrons citizens from all over. They make the best candy in these fields, and control the candy trade. They are called the Candy brothers.

There is a sign of progress, of growth, constant and measured growth, on every hand. The outlook is encouraging; the people are waking up. They feel, and we feel with them, that they are on the upward march. With improved school facilities, more teachers, better preachers, and a rising with the tide of the sea—early in the morning—the Afro-American people of this section will be able to measure alongside of those of any other section. Of course, this is, comparatively, a new country, and the ground has not been thoroughly turned, so to speak; and fortunately as the settlers grow, they grow in the embrace of the new spirit, the progressive spirit, the spirit of the Twentieth Century, whose essence is work, high work, and high living, aiming high and trodding toward the top of the mountain all the day. Fifty years hence, the Afro-American people of the newer Southwest will give a good account of themselves. For they are laying a foundation, sure and everlasting, a foundation in the soil, in education, in morals, a foundation likely to stand the inevitable test of the changing years. They are reading the golden lessons of experience, and where the race has been weak they are making an effort to become strong.



REV. JAMES H. GORDON, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE HOW-
ARD ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The Howard Orphan Asylum

THE Brooklyn Howard Colored Orphan Asylum was established in 1866, when the Nation was just recovering from the shock of the great war that broke the shackles from four million slaves in the Southland. Many of these freed people left their native soil and came to the City of New York. Among them were widowed mothers of helpless children. When these mothers sought employment they were denied because of their children; having no homes of their own, they offered them at the New York Orphan Asylum, but were denied admission. Many of them succumbed to the uncertain life of the city, leaving behind little orphans thrown upon the charities of the world, which are often cold and heartless.

Mrs S. A. Tillman, a noble hearted colored woman, who lived in 13th street Manhattan, was moved with sympathy for these orphan and half-orphan children, and for several months sheltered twenty of them in her home. Applications continued to come to her and she and her friends were convinced that something must be done to secure suitable accommodations for homeless Negro children.

Rev. Mr. Henry M. Wilson, a Negro Presbyterian clergyman, became deeply interested in the work and secured the use of the Civilization Society's rooms, on Dean Street, near Troy Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. In due time the children were transferred in wagons from Manhattan, and comfortably settled in their new home in Brooklyn.



Main Building of the Howard Orphan Asylum.

Rev. Mr. Wilson at once sent a request to the different Negro Churches, that earnest, faithful Christian women be appointed as representatives, empowered to organize a society for the support and education of destitute children of Negro parentage. The churches willingly, eagerly responded, and in the early fall of 1866 the organization was effected under the name of "Home for Freed Children and Others." Rev. Mr. Henry M. Wilson was elected general manager, with Mrs. S. A. Tillman first directress. The work continued to grow, and the importance of it was immediately perceived. The attention of many prominent people of Brooklyn was early attracted to the efforts of the founders. General O. O. Howard was among the first to interest themselves and he did much good by practical help and influence. The Afro-American people of the community responded nobly.

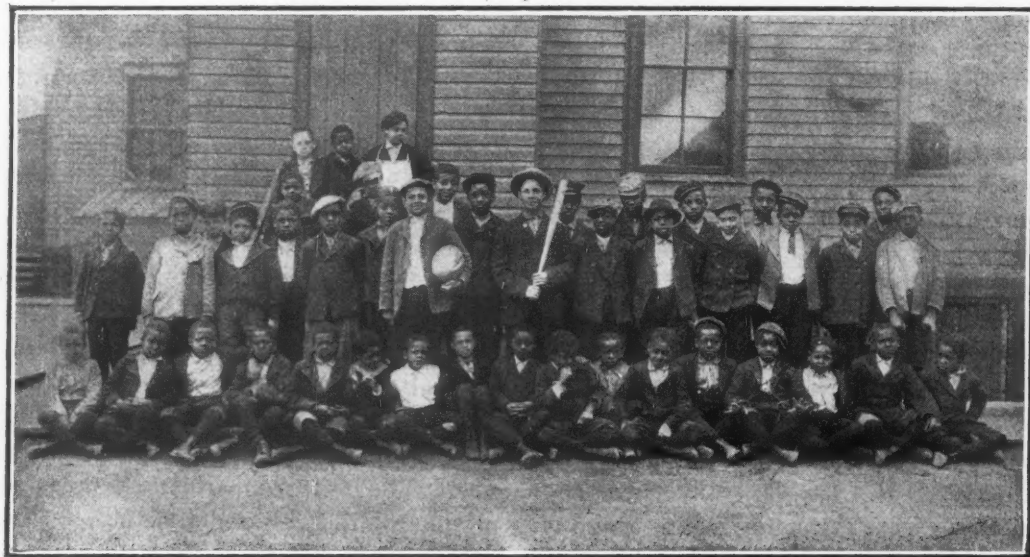
After a short stay at the Civilization Society's rooms, the home was moved

to the corner of Pacific street and Ralph avenue, where they occupied three small frame houses. The number of inmates continued to increase so rapidly that the management found it necessary to rent the Civilization Society's Building, Dean Street and Troy Avenue, and returned there, where they remained for several years.

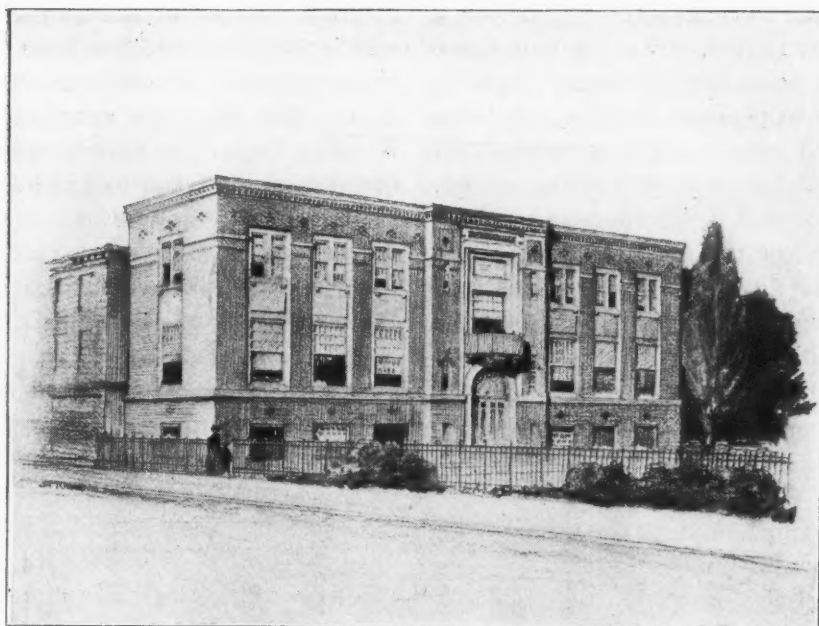
After a period of two years, it was decided to make the Society a permanent Organization and duly incorporate it. It was unanimously decided to change the name from a "Home for Freed Children" to that of an Orphan Asylum; and because of General O. O. Howard's sympathy for the race, and services to the Home, it was decided, also unanimously, to name the Asylum for him; consequently, in September, 1868, the institution was incorporated under a general act of the New York Legislature, as the "Brooklyn Howard Colored Orphan Asylum," with Mrs. S.

A. Tillman as President and Rev. Mr. Henry M. Wilson, Financial Agent. After a period of two years, Mrs. Tillman left the city, and in 1870, Rev. Mr. Wm. F. Johnson was elected Superintendent. He entered upon the work with great zeal and energy. During these early years he was untiring in his efforts to make the Institution a home-like retreat and School of Training to the hundreds of homeless little ones, who came to him for shelter.

In 1871, the Civilization Society Building was sold and notice given the managers of the Asylum that they should have to vacate at the end of the year. This was a trying time, but God, who protects the sparrows, prepared a place for these helpless little ones. Led by their sightless leader, they returned to their quarters near Pacific street and Ralph Avenue. Kind friends immediately came to the rescue, and a new frame structure was erected on the lot



BOYS OF THE HOWARD ORPHAN ASYLUM.



THE PROPOSED INDUSTRIAL BUILDING.

east of the Civilization Society Building on Dean St. The new building was two stories high and twenty-four by forty feet. A private residence standing next door was also secured and suitably remodeled. In less than one year the Asylum entered the new quarters with great rejoicing and renewed thanksgiving to God. Many white friends came rapidly to the rescue with financial aid. The new building and the repairing of the old building cost ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00,) which amount was paid off within in a few years. The work continued to grow. In 1881, four lots on the East of the Asylum extending to Troy Avenue, were purchased at a cost of \$1,900.00, including the paving and grading on Bergen street. It became apparent that a larger and more suitable building was necessary. The appeal for funds for the building was

made by Mr. Johnson. The response was immediate.

In 1886, the beautiful three-and-a-half-story brick building, 50 by 75 feet, which is the present home, was erected, the ground upon which it stands having been previously purchased. Mr. Johnson deserves great credit for the completion of this building. Though aged and blind, he toiled and labored as one with sight. This building, prepossessing and serviceable, is a monument to his untiring energy and the faithful service rendered by the women managers.

During these years of struggle, hundreds of children were fed, clothed and schooled. It is a pleasure to record an appreciation of the many white friends who have given so largely to the work. Mention of the name of Miss Julia Waterbury, who lived on Clinton ave-

nue, is made with reverence. She was a yearly contributor, and at various times paid more than four thousand (\$4,000) dollars on the new building of Dean street. At her death she bequeathed two thousand more for the same purpose, making more than six thousand dollars paid by her on the main building. Unfortunately during the latter years of Mr. Johnson's superintendency a dis-

colored. By act of the Legislature the number of the Board has been increased to seventeen. There are now seven colored and ten white gentlemen, on the Board. Under the management of the new Board Rev. Powhattan Bagnall was elected Superintendent. He took charge on January 1, 1903, and continued in the work for three months. Upon recommendation of Rev. Dr. R. S. Mac-



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Who has endorsed the Asylum work in public speech.

agreement arose in the management, resulting in the withdrawal of the superintendent.

An entire change in the management was effected. A new board was elected in 1902, with the Rev. S. G. Nelson, President, and Mr. C. A. Dorsey of the Episcopal Church, Secretary, and R. M. Whiting of the M. E. Church, Treasurer. The Board consisted of eleven gentlemen, six of whom were white and five

colored. By act of the Legislature the number of the Board has been increased to seventeen. There are now seven colored and ten white gentlemen, on the Board. Under the management of the new Board Rev. Powhattan Bagnall was elected Superintendent. He took charge on January 1, 1903, and continued in the work for three months. Upon recommendation of Rev. Dr. R. S. Mac-

Arthur, Pastor of the Cavalry Baptist Church, Manhattan, Rev. Mr. R. G. Weston, President of Crozier Theological Seminary, and Rev. Mr. William T. Dixon, pastor of Concord Baptist Church, Rev. James H. Gordon, pastor of Baptist Temple, Manhattan, and the present Superintendent, was unanimously called to the superintendency, on May 1st, 1903. Mr. Gordon assumed charge five days after his election. He

is the first superintendent to live at the Asylum. The task of reorganization was greater than had been anticipated; for, coupled with internal difficulties, consequent upon poor health, undisciplined children and poorly kept records, was the threatened loss of the sympathy and support of the Christian public upon which the institution depended largely for the money to carry on the work and pay off the many debts that hung over it. The Board, a body of self-sacrificing gentlemen, did all they could to regain the confidence of the people, many of whom had done much for the work in the past; but confidence once shattered is hard to be restored, and many a door has closed in Superintendent Gordon's face when he has mentioned the institution.

One by one, however, the doors have been opened and means have come with which to meet the many demands. The school diet was changed to a more nutritious one. The scant supply of clothing was increased till the children were fairly comfortable. Under the new Board of Managers the buildings have been supplied with sanitary plumbing, painted inside and out, and new floors have been laid in the dormitories. The brightness and cleanliness of the new Home have inspired the children as nothing else could. They are happy and cheerful, and if it were possible for them to remain in their present childish state the management of the Home would feel that they had done their duty towards them; but as they note the daily growth and development of the children under their care from infancy to mature years and realize the

fact that they soon must go out from the Home, where they have been cared for by friends, out into the world, without parents or home that they may call their own, to battle with the stern realities of life, they are conscious of this great fact: unless these children are properly trained along industrial lines they will be wholly unprepared for the struggle that awaits them, and must eventually become a disgrace to their race and a burden to society. If the dominant race feel that development along industrial or literary lines is essential for their boys and girls, who are raised in well regulated homes, with every avenue in life open to them, how much more should those who have the destiny of the Negro orphan in charge, with every avenue in life closed against him, see the great need of thoroughly preparing him along the same lines? With this end in view the Board of Managers have unanimously voted to erect a trade school at a cost of \$18,000; and to raise \$7,000 for its proper equipment. A subscription list has been opened and thus far about \$5,500 have been raised. Strenuous efforts are being put forth to raise the necessary amount, for with the present facilities very little can be accomplished in the proper training of the inmates. With the trade school a new era will be opened for colored youths; when they are sent forth in the world their hands will be so trained that they will be well fitted to fill the various avenues of usefulness, and lay a solid foundation.

Dr. Booker T. Washington is in heartiest accord with the work, and recently spoke to a throng in its behalf.

Talladega College

BY WILLIAM PICKENS

FIFTY-TWO years ago the white citizens of a little Alabama town set their slaves to work to build a schoolhouse for the masters' children. There arose a massive brick building, southern in the artistic choice of its site, and southern in the purpose for which it was intended—the training exclusively of the slaveholding caste. But fifteen years later the word “liberty” had received a new meaning for the American patriot, and the word “education” a brand new meaning for the South; and the social upheaval had changed this college for whites into a school for freedmen. And for Alabama the highest expression of the new meaning became, and still is, exemplified in Talladega College.

Its highest meaning, its most cherished tradition, is its Christian spirit. Being born of the American Missionary Association, like a child of good parents, it received this imprint and impulse in the very conception of its being. It was brought forth in that day of American history when the spirit of patriotism and the spirit of Jesus Christ were running exactly parallel. The spiritual impulse has carried it through one generation and now sweeps it along the second with a power for good that is felt in every section of the United States and among the heathen of the Congo. Its greatest power has been exerted through the influential lives of its ministers of the gospel, whether they

were pastors in the Negro churches of New England, or preachers to the plantation ignorance of the black belt, or missionaries among the natives of Africa.

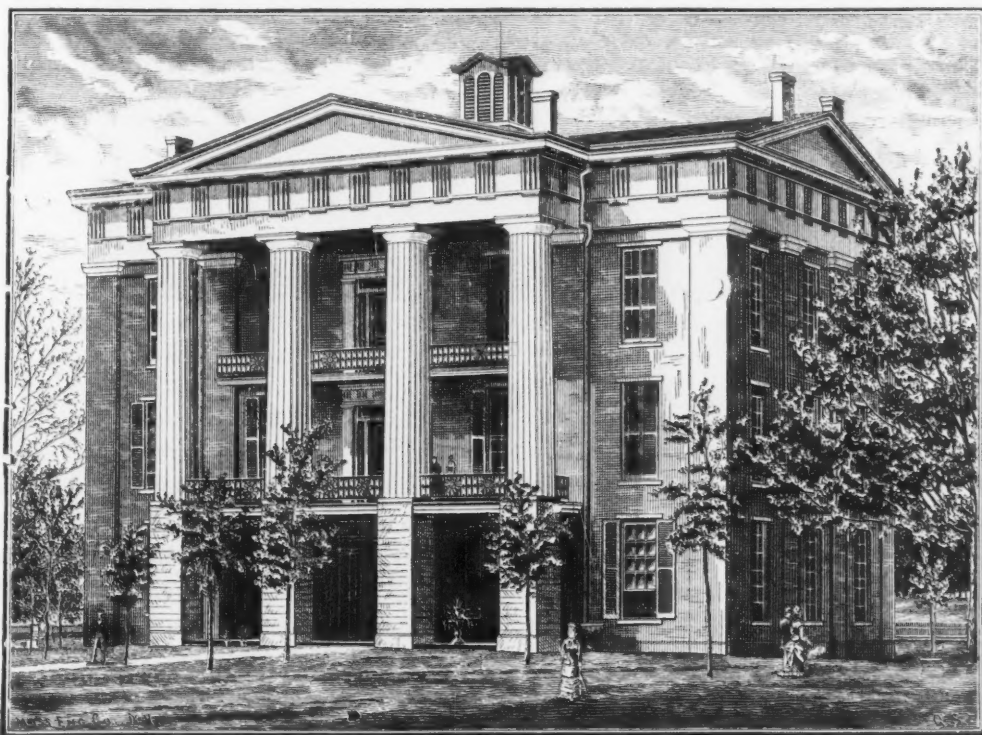
This college also means equality—not equality of men, not equality of intellectual capacity, not equality of physical force, not “social equality,” but the equality of opportunity. It has been said that if the Creator imposed upon a race an intellectual limit from within, then it is useless to impose this limit from without; but offer the full sweep of opportunities and each man will find the limit for himself. Men with weak arms do not have to be persuaded not to be smiths; beings with no wings do not need to be coaxed not to fly; so a race with no genius will need no externally-fixed barriers to keep it out of skilled trades, higher mechanics and the finer arts of life. But let each man's be his God-given capacities, and all this assorting will be inevitably and justly done by natural selection.

This institution has no absolute standard, either high or low, for ALL men, but encourages the highest and best that is in EACH man.

It means LEADERSHIP for the Negro race. The wisdom and normalcy of this plan are not hard to make plain. Some are saying: let the American people lift up the MASSES of the Negro race. Others say: raise up leaders, and let those Negro leaders lift their own

masses. For the philanthropic class who are to do the lifting, this later plan certainly has the advantage of *ECONOMY*—economy of time and money. Economy of time, because the lifting of the masses is a long story; economy of money, because one uplifted, great-souled Negro can lift a greater number of his own people and lift them higher

the unlettered hundreds of thousands of the state of Alabama; now they come from New England, the Atlantic coast, the middle-west, and the entire south. The answer to all questions respecting the justification of their labor is to be found in its fruits. Those whom they have taught are living in exemplary homes; they are among the



SWAYNE HALL.—RECITATION BUILDING.

than ten white men of like qualifications. To convert the native chief is often to win the whole tribe.

For nearly forty years an earnest band of Christian men and women from New England, New York and the north-central states have labored here, too modest to attract attention from the majority of the American people. At first those whom they taught came from

teachers of the Negro race, as principals of public schools and presidents of institutions of secondary education. The courses of study have gradually developed from the motley class of old and young, parents and children, who in 1867 stood in bewilderment before the English alphabet, until now the graduates from our highest courses of study can enter the post-graduate departments



FOY COTTAGE—GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL HOME.

of any institution of America. At Yale in the last years they have held as good a record as the students, white or black, from any other southern institution.

It is now in the most flourishing period of its history. While many institutions have gone begging for pupils, Talladega was this year compelled to refuse 300 for want of room. A little more room is under way, however, as the beautiful Carnegie library, with ample reading rooms and laboratory, is nearing completion. Also the \$100,000, a recent bequest from Mr. Callanan, will admit some enlargement and improvement in the industrial departments.

To the hundreds of young lives who come hither Talladega also means work and the proper dignification of labor. It would be information to many and a

surprise to some to learn that this school was the first to introduce manual and industrial training among the freed people of the United States. Every student works, though he pays all his expenses; there is one hour's work each day from which no amount of money can render him immune. It is a new but very helpful experience for some who come here from New England, to find the work of the hands as requisite as the reading of Cicero.

But there has been much confusion, illusion and poor logic on this subject of work, especially when it has been discussed with reference to the Negro race. Now I dare to make the broad assertion that there is nothing great and grand and dignifying about bare labor, as such it has no value per se. But it is good inasmuch as, and so far as

it contributes to the higher life of man. Labor derives its value from its final cause. This, then, is a broad enough view to admit all variations of labor—the labor of the farmer and the smith, the labor of musician and orator, the labor of the painter and the poet. Let labor serve man; not man labor.

Talladega College means opportunity for the youth of the Negro race—opportunity for spiritual growth, intellectual development and industrious habits; opportunity to be inspired by the best

that is in the race; to get self-culture and exert influence. It is an opportunity for the graduates of the normal and industrial schools of this section of the South; for the brighter one who, finishing schools of very limited curriculum, have awakened in themselves a seek-further ambition. For most of them it means a great sacrifice and severe application; but if measured by the difficulty to overcome and the work to do, it is a greater opportunity than that of any other American people.

The Influence of Talladega College

BY PRESIDENT BENJAMIN M. NYCE

NESTLING among the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains in the upper part of the state of Alabama is Talladega College. It is to-day near the heart of the black belt and within eighty miles of the center of Negro population in the United States. The section is noted for its picturesque scenery and healthfulness of climate. Its choice elevation frees it from the malaria and the intense heat of the lowlands farther South.

On the hallowed ground where Andrew Jackson's men built their camp fires, two years after the civil war, the first-chartered and chief school in Alabama was opened to the colored people of this section. Thirty-nine years have seen the growth from a small school to one of the best equipped colleges in the South. Talladega has to-day twenty-

three substantial buildings, a teaching force of thirty-two professors and instructors, over six hundred students in the several departments, theological, college, normal, preparatory, music; in the industrial departments, wood working, iron working, printing, drafting, agriculture, domestic science, dressmaking and nurse training; with its eight hundred and fifteen acres of land fully equipped with tools, machinery and stock.

With this growth, there has been a corresponding change in sentiment. Members of the faculty who came to Talladega in the days of the Klu Klux, that day of misunderstanding, distrust and danger, have lived to see an entire reversal of feeling. There is no section in the South where there is more harmony and sympathetic co-operation on



FOSTER HALL—GIRLS' DORMITORY.

the part of the races. Talladega county has never known a lynching, never has a student been in jail or convicted of crime. The college is fortunate to have on its board of trustees and in its employ white men of Alabama birth. The citizens of Talladega have contributed thousands of dollars toward the enlargement of the college.

It used to be said "Westward the course of empire takes its way," to day it is southwestward. With the opening of the Isthmian canal the next twenty-five years will see the marvelous development of the southwest. Alabama is most fortunate of all southern states in this, her inexhaustible deposits of iron ore and coal; her hillsides covered with choice pine; her new industries which are springing up at the magic touch of

capital, make her future full of promise. The college is most fortunate in its situation in the midst of these progressive conditions. But the problem presses as never before, with the inflow of men and capital. What tremendous need for a distinctly Christian college to mould and control life under such conditions; to send out teachers, preachers, farmers, mechanics, nurses, home makers who shall stand as the well-trained leaders of their people.

In 1868 the First Congregational Church of Talladega was organized; to-day in Alabama alone there are twenty-two churches evangelistic and intelligent in faith and insisting on righteousness and purity of living, as the outgrowth of that first church.

In 1873 the theological work began

at Talladega; to-day the graduates of the seminary are working in twenty-five states of the union. When that work began, of the thousand colored ministers in the state there was not one educated man. It should not be forgotten that the Negro minister is the most potent factor in the uplift of the Negro. Relatively he has more influence than his white brother. His word is law to his people. The supreme need of the South is a refined, cultured, educated and purified Negro ministry. In the mission work of this country no seed has borne a larger harvest than here. It is the gospel and not the industries or letters which is the power of God unto salvation. It is the gospel

which will save the South and solve the Negro problem. No one can rightly estimate the good which Talladega Theological Seminary has done unless he should have opportunity to visit an old time Negro congregation and hear the volumes of jargon which come from the ordinary Negro preacher. Ten millions of colored people need most of all good ministers, men of mental discipline and spiritual power. Of the fifteen thousand colored preachers of the South not more than twenty-five hundred have a theological training. What has been done for the few must be done for the many or who can foresee the peril of our civilization. A great duty rests upon the nation and especially



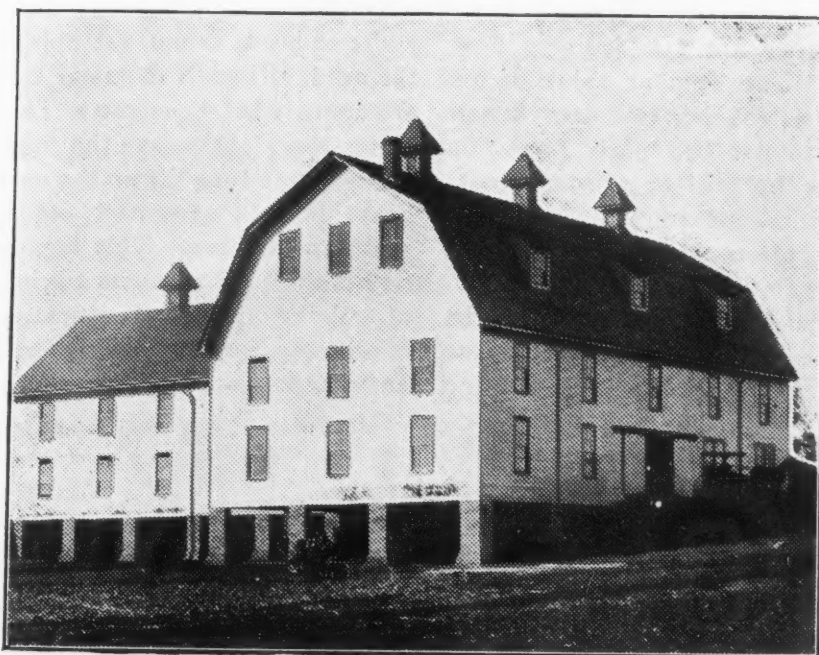
DEFOREST MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

upon the Christian church. It is "our most imperative missionary enterprise." Who can forecast the peril of its neglect? For over a generation the theological students at Talladega have been thoroughly trained to the gospel ministry. They are increasing in numbers. Most of them are college graduates. Talladega has the theological students but has no theological hall. The theological alumni have started a fund with a view to raising \$20,000 toward a theological building, which will be called "Andrews Theological Hall," in honor of Rev. G. W. Andrews, D.D., who has given thirty-one years of service in this department at Talladega.

Talladega was the first school in the South to introduce industrial education. The college has always given a prominent place to the industries. Her departments of agriculture and mechanical arts have sent out hundreds of graduates who are changing conditions in their several communities. Talladega has been able to combine the industries with higher education. They are not antagonistic but are the complements of each other. A boy who studies Greek works also every day on the farm or in the shop. A girl who studies pipe organ works also in the laundry. Every student works one hour a day even if he meets all his college bills. A school of higher education which also makes large provision for the industries has the advantage in giving student aid, as every student gives an equivalent in labor for the aid which is appropriated to his account. The old antagonism between a generous, broad, thorough education and industrial education has passed

away. Educators have come to see that all forms of education should be open to those who may justly and wisely aspire to them. Despite their great historic handicap the Negro has proven himself capable of the highest attainments in scholarship and is patiently fitting himself to be the wise, safe, courageous and hopeful leader of his race. Graduates of Talladega are admitted into northern colleges and seminaries on their diplomas.

A race may in time be lifted en masse, but the lesson of history has been that it is more quickly lifted by leaders. The higher the education the better the training, the better the leadership. Thus Talladega seeks not simply "to make men carpenters but to make carpenters men;" not simply to make mechanics and farmers but master mechanics and leaders of farmers' institutes, that the whole mass may be leavened. The result of thirty-nine years of work has justified this position. The question is continually asked, Are the students appreciative of this college plant, this endowment, these investments made by northern friends, these sacrifices made by teachers from the North? Is the character of the work in the class room, in the shop and on the farm worth it all? Do the students do what they can to support themselves and is there an increase toward self-support which induces toward self-respect? Are they in turn becoming the helpers of their people? Let the story of Talladega College in Africa, Lucy Gann Sheppard, Maria Feering and Lillian Thomas working in the heart of the Congo Free State be your answer. Let thousands in every



MODEL BARN.

walk of life in the South, with Talladega's Christian training, be your answer. Let hundreds of loyal alumni who have given thousands of dollars to the institution and who have to-day forty of their own children at Talladega be your answer.

These facts concerning the Negro cannot be gainsaid. When he is helped he improves very rapidly. If flat on his back he is always looking up and is grateful for assistance. Left to himself and his old time surroundings he is not improving, he is retrograding. Work for the southern Negro must be pushed. We cannot stop if we would. National destiny is concerned in this matter. Now as surely as in '61 and '65 our peril is largely in the South and thither we must send our forces. We must in-

crease and better supply the army that is here warring against ignorance and sin. A little aid will go a great way in the South. What in a northern college would be considered a trifle, in a southern school would be considered a princely sum. Board is cheap, dress is plain, salaries are meager. A small sum would endow a scholarship and not a large sum would provide perpetually for a teacher. What is expended on one gymnasium in the richer states would equip an industrial department in the South. No colleges need help more than these and nowhere will aid go farther than among the schools which are doing as exigent and as fruitful a work as the sun shines upon. Yet no colleges are so liable to be neglected, and for obvious reasons. The aboli-

tionists are mainly an extinct race. War memories are fast fading. Few now read Uncle Tom or think of his cabin. A new generation has arisen which knows not the black Joseph or whether he be still in prison or not. Continually the stream of benevolence is irrigating places already well watered, while currents small and few flow toward the more needy South. For the present the help needed must come largely from the North. There is no other base of supplies. The South, white or black, is not yet able to meet the need, although in many cases they are doing what they can. There is no better way to help save the country and at the same time lift up the dark continent, than to generously equip these southern colleges. This beyond question is the most wise and efficient means of solving the great educational and missionary problem in which both North and South must share the responsibility.

TO AN OAK

By CHARLES BERTRAM JOHNSON



H, OAK ! long years the stress of storm and wind
 Has made thy limbs exult in growing thew ;
 And deeper, surer in the earth descend
 The thousand tenderils that were strengthening you ;
 With best of sun and song and rain and dew
 High on the hill thy strength, tho storm and wind
 Oft did thy tender thewless youth unbend ;
 But greater thou in limb and power grew.
 Oh, mighty oak ! with faith serene and sure,
 Impart to me the secret of thy girth,
 Invest me master of thy patient will ;
 That through the coming years I may endure,
 And deeper rooted in the fields of earth,
 At last, as thou, be sovereign of a hill.



A Case of Measure for Measure

BY GERTRUDE DORSEY BROWN

CHAPTER I

Wanted--Leopard Spots

PLEASE, Ora, do try to discover or invent something that will make me look just like the real thing. I can't just explain to you, but I am sure it is only for the novelty of the thing, and not for any burlesque on your race. I don't think you ought to feel offended or act ugly about such a harmless thing as our "little colored ball."

Agnes Hein regarded her maid, Ora Marshall, with evident awe and with plain apprehension, but the colored girl, recognizing her advantage, continued to brush the luxuriant hair and deigned no word of reply.

"Ora?"

"Well, Miss Agnes."

"Will you do it? PLEASE?"

"I suppose I COULD if I tried."

"Well please try."

"Let me see; if I understand you, the case is simply this: Your Navajo Club has been invited to Savannah by a social club there, who are giving a colored ball, and wish you each to represent a colored person, and——"

"That's it, that's it exactly."

"Now tell me what CLASS of colored people are supposed to be represented?" inquired the maid.

"Why, just anybody, no particular class, in fact I didn't know there was a social scale among your people. Of course we don't mean that extremely bad set like Chick Clark, or Cad Riley. Just a gang of ordinary cotton pickers,

laundresses, cooks, hotel waiters and Pullman porters,—oh, most anything that is decent and comical," and again Miss Agnes looked half timidly at her servant.

"I am a maid, and is my position decent and comical? Is that what you mean?" asked Ora.

"Oh, the position would do all right, but the person in it makes all the difference in the world. You are certainly decent—the most decent girl I can imagine, but comical—never. You are not just like other maids I have had, for while you are not altogether solemn, you are so perfectly correct or so correctly perfect that I can't quite get used to you. You are a genuine treasure, for you do your work so well and seem to fall in with my ways so intelligently and so readily, and yet I cannot command you. I am sure to request instead of command. Now Katie was kind hearted enough, but a hundred times a day she would look silly and say, 'Why Law, I forget that,' or 'Deed and double I sure didn't hear ye.' You don't know how annoying it is to have such a girl around one.

"Lettie was good enough at times, but I couldn't trust her; for while she wasn't dishonest she was officious, and she used to dress in my, not SECOND best, but very BEST clothes and go places in them, and all that, and I couldn't stand it. What I've endured and suffered with my maids, if written out, would make the old martyrs pale with jealousy.

"You see, Ora, I don't want my face smeared up with burned cork or anything black and greasy. I want to be a pretty light brown-skin like—well, like you, and can't you think of something that will do?"

"I'll see what I can find, Miss Agnes, and will let you know. There is, at present, no great market demand for stuff to turn people darker, most people being as dark as they care to be," replied Ora, dryly.

Miss Hein's toilet being completed, the maid and mistress separated for the rest of the morning, but by neither was the "colored ball" forgotten.

CHAPTER II

Winning Her Way

Ora Marshall was not any ordinary maid, for ordinary maids are not collegiate graduates; neither do they prepare themselves systematically to be real companions of those whom they serve.

A blind and ready acquiescence to every opinion, and a servile agreement with whatever is proposed, whether senseless or profound, these were not the qualities that won for Ora the respect and regard of those by whom she was employed. Never seeming herself to forget that she was a servant, never presuming upon the good will of the family, she yet inspired its members with a wholesome regard for her opinions and a disregard for the position she occupied as maid.

Mrs. Van Leiter, the housekeeper, like the rest of her kind, believed that the proper care of the home and the servants was the one and only divine calling. Others, as ministers of the

gospel, evangelists, etc., were well enough in their places, but how on earth could they reach an age of usefulness, unless some one kept house while they studied and prepared for work?

But it came to pass that Mrs. Van, the divinely called, was favorably impressed with the "new colored girl," and before the first month had passed had asked her opinion on various subjects and in several instances had ordered her conduct accordingly.

The household servants, more or less clannish, at first resented this superior ladies' maid, but as each in his turn found his dislike rebound to his own confusion or discomfiture in one way or another, she was quietly accepted as an unnecessary evil, and in time proved herself a very necessary blessing. When the horses ran away and James the coachman was violently thrown to the ground, it was not the hand that rocked the cradle in his pretentious cottage that ministered to the wounded members. The cold compresses which reduced the swelling and eased the patient until the arrival of a physician, were prepared and applied by the same hand that bandaged the broken leg of Rastus, the fierce thoroughbred.

A knowledge of hydrotherapy and its practical uses were the means of breaking down the last barrier that existed between Ora and Jerusha the cook, for Jerusha's outraged sense of social precedence was not easily appeased, nor was her heart reached by any common avenue. It happened this way. Jerusha became the victim of an earache, a very severe, a most painful earache, one that refused to be comforted by the

different remedies that were tried, and when her long suffering husband presented the case and asked permission to call in the minister to pray for the offending member, he explained: "Ye see, dis here ain't no common yereache, fer I done squeezed de drap of blood from a black betty bug in her yere and, fore de Lawd that didn't do no good noways."

"Well what do you suppose is the matter with it?" the housekeeper inquired.

"De debbil, de ungodly debbil," briefly announced William.

"Why William, what makes you think the devil is in it?"

"Well, ye see, Rusha has allys had him in her tongue, and sense she has begun to grow so fat, natcherly de debbil spread wid de rest of her, and now it done retched her yere, fore de Lawd, and nothin' short o' 'mazin' grace goin' ter cure her. Dat's why I done suaded her to get de parson."

"Rusha sure do fuss a lot an' natcherly makes me feel mos' as bad as"—

But William proceeded no further, for with a shriek of pain poor Jerusha ran into the room and throwing herself into a chair poured forth entreaties, invectives and unspeakable groans in such profusion that Mrs. Van, realizing her utter lack of succor, rang for Ora, and with a feeling of entire security, demanded that she do something immediately for "that poor creature."

After the incoherent recital of her woes, Jerusha submitted to the simple but effective treatments which followed, and when the pain became quieted she remarked half in scorn, half in admira-

tion, "Who'd a thought biled water and a timpertoor would a made my yere feel so good, and me a biling water every day ob de year. I declar I sure do feel like a baby takin' his fust nap," and in a few minutes the gentle snoring of the recent sufferer attested the perfection of the old lady's simile.

"Now, William, you may get some laudanum. Mrs. Van Leiter, can you spare a small piece of that medicated cotton, for while she sleeps we will forestall a second attack by stopping up that ear?" said Ora.

William returned shortly with a bottle containing a brown fluid, and on the label was the unmistakable skull and cross bones and the name in large letters, "LAUDANUM."

Quiet and peace at last restored, the patient happily disposed of, and the housekeeper more than ever proud of her profession, the maid returned to the sewing room and spent the remainder of the evening darning the refractory hoisery of her mistress. No wonder Miss Hein considered her a treasure, for who would ever recognize this dainty silken hose as the rag she had discarded because the buckle of her slipper had torn a small right ankle into the instep. Here was art as well as knowledge, for the rent had been drawn neatly together and the unsightly right angle served as a part of the letter H that was heavily and skillfully embroidered over the tear.

"Really, Ora, the hose belong to you; but since you have put my initial instead of your own on them, and it is done so beautifully, I must appear selfish and keep them, while you really must

take this dollar for your trouble," and the silver coin was laid in the maid's hand, who entered it on her day book as extra change.

Small wonder, at the monthly reckoning, the regular salary of \$20 was augmented to \$28.85.

While in the midst of settling her accounts Ora was interrupted by the shuffling of feet and the customary "fore de Lawd" of William, who stood just inside the door bowing awkwardly and looking fearfully from right to left.

"Fore de Lawd, miss lady, I sure done done it now. Dat stuff I fetched ye for Rusha's yere ain't no more launam den sugar cane is hoss redish. Dat stuff Rusha done made herself, an' put hit in de ole launam bottle, and its for to put on hay."

"To put on hay? What did she mean by making something to put on hay? I don't understand," and Ora looked at William as at something bereft of reason.

"I doan mean hay, I means hai, or what it is dat de Lawd let grow on our huids. Dat stuff sure make gray hai turn and be black again, and now fore de Lawd, Rusha say some o' hits got on her face and she's afeered she's goin' to be some darka den she ca'h to be. Kaint you do somefin to hep her out?" And the appeal in the old man's eyes spoke eloquently of the travail of his soul.

"I can't imagine how a stain, however dark, can possibly effect Jerusha's complexion. Hers is a black that defies comparison and er or est can mean nothing when attached to it." This was the mental comment of Ora as she

tollowed the sorrowing husband to the little room over the kitchen.

"Heah ye come," screamed Jerusha from the banister, as she beheld the two ascending the stairs. "Maybe ye think biled water'll take de black offen my face, same as it took de debbil out of my yere."

"Quite an idea, Jerusha, I have been wondering just what to do, and now you mention it I believe some very hot water with two or three lemons squeezed into it will make you look quite like yourself again," and suiting the action to the words a generous application of the solution removed every vestige of stain and reduced Jerusha to a state of admiration bordering on insanity.

"How quare you is, anyways. Jest put hot lemonade on my face, and I 'clar I'm a light brown skin once mo. I isn't stuck up none ober my hai and my culla, but I is powerful proud that the good Lawd didn't make me as black as some is," with a significant look at William, who protested feebly against the implied affront to his color by scratching his head and saying, "Fore de Lawd, Rusha, I kaint be so berry many colors darka den you is, I sure kaint."

"All right, Willum," loftily, "yit you kin see you isn't as fair as I is," and Ora turned away in disgust from a conversation that certainly occurs oftener than is necessary among all classes of colored people.

The question of color and hair is as freely discussed among the educated men and women of color as it is among those who have had small chance to

know better. How often does the Negro prove himself an enemy to himself and yet stoutly declares against a white person who snubs him? Race prejudice will never, can never die out as long as the Negro forces the black man back and puts the light or mulatto man forward, for the sole reason of a shade or degree of color.

Can we hope to see the great problem solved, so long as our working men and women refuse to hire themselves to those of the race who need and are willing to pay for their services? Dare we to expect the infant of to-day to become the man of to-morrow, when we tolerate, nay, perpetuate the hated words "nigger," "coon," and "darkey," in the bosoms of our families? We sing them, we play them, we hang them on our walls, and yet we call ourselves "the repairers of the breach, the restorers of paths to dwell in." As Ora thought bitterly of these things, consistency appeared more than ever before the pearl of great price.

But here, at a most unexpected place and time, was to be found the means of granting Miss Hein's latest request. This hair dye of Jerusha's must answer the purpose and pave the way for this young white lady to appear as she desired at the "colored ball" in Savannah. Since the week before the maid had been importuned every morning for this same aid that now presented itself, and should she not avail herself of this opportunity?

Quick to decide and as quickly to act, Ora retraced her steps and after a diplomatic parley with the owner, secured the bottle and returned to her rooms.

Three days later, having tested upon her own arm the merits of the dye, the maid delivered the preparation into the hands of her mistress, who was leaving that day for Savannah.

Miss Agnes Hein had for several nights slept with her hair plaited into many small braids, each braid having been previously immersed in quince seed curline, and now when Ora carefully unplaited the braids, the crisp, kinky locks certainly looked uncomfortably like those given by the Creator to the despised race, and as she worked a feeling of indignation took possession of her and mentally she consigned the white colored ball to the same depths of contempt that she reserved for such unhealthy compositions as "Red Rock" and "The Clansman." But if such thoughts were entertained by maid, they were plainly no part of the happy meditation of mistress, who as she contemplated her partial transformation, and noted with satisfaction the bushy mass, skillfully twisted and turned under, in the very style she had seen worn by Katie, the ex-maid, became more and more anxious to assume the entire outfit. Without objection or hesitation the dye was massaged into the soft white skin, and when all was finished the result was astonishing even to Ora, and so gratifying was it to Miss Hein that she forthwith gave permission for the maid to spend the rest of the time as suited her best, and included a five dollar bill as a testimonial of her appreciation.

When the carriage drove up to the front entrance and James announced that it lacked but forty minutes of train

time, Miss Agnes ran to her room and rang for Ora.

"I want to be un-Negroed," she laughingly explained to Nellie Griffin, who was to accompany her to the city, but the laugh died a violent death when

search was made over the house, but Ora Marshall could not be found.

"Oh, heavens! what shall I do?" wailed the girl, as soap and water failed to erase the stain.

"Oh, merciful heavens!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Negro in South Carolina

WE hear often, and from many sources, of what is being accomplished morally, intellectually and industrially by the Negro in the South; it must be gratifying to the entire country to watch the steady strides of the descendant of the former slaves, and in many instances of the former slaves themselves. From Alabama, Virginia, Texas, North Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas, and in recent years, from Mississippi, have come numerous and comforting reports of what the Negro is doing, and often of what he is planning or hoping to do.

The State of South Carolina has been somewhat neglected in the findings that have come up from the South. The state has seemingly been neglected both by those on the outside and on the inside of the state, who seek to present to the thoughtful portion of the Republic the brighter side of a sometimes dark and discouraging question. However, the Negro in South Carolina, which during the Reconstruction period, was the garden spot of the newer Creation, seems to have kept right up with the progressive procession of history makers. In a recent issue of his paper, *The Defender*, William T. Andrews, one of the

strong leaders of South Carolina, writes:

"During forty years of freedom the Negroes of South Carolina have accumulated property assessed for taxation estimated at twelve millions of dollars. They are depositors in every bank in the State. They have among them successful physicians, lawyers, ministers, teachers, merchants, lumbermill men and thousands of farmers who own their own farms. In every profession, calling or work in which they have engaged the portion who have succeeded and have impressed their worth upon the people in the communities in which they live is large.

They pay annually into the State treasury \$25,000 more in taxes for education than is expended by the State for that purpose towards the education of their children.

As the wages paid Negro farm laborers in this State from emancipation until two years ago was from four to five dollars per month, it is safe to conclude that those who have acquired property and have made advancement along other lines do not belong to that class, and were therefore those who began life either as renters or their descendants. And if these renters, with all the disadvantages that race prejudice has placed in their way have toiled upward to success, surely not all of them allow the weeds to choke their crops to death or take two holidays every week."

Louisville and Its Afro-American Citizens

BY CARY B. LEWIS

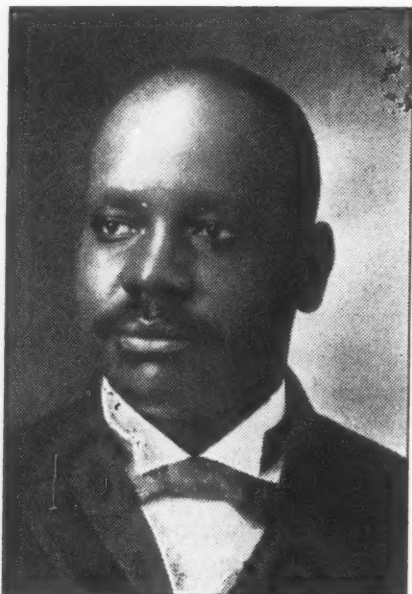
IN June, 1903, Mr. Wm. Sanders introduced Dr. Booker T. Washington to the largest and most magnificent mixed audience ever assembled in Louisville. On that occasion Dr. Washington told the people that every successful race on earth had begun at the bottom instead of the top, and trained itself to the strength necessary for the assumption of responsibilities. He further spoke of industry, intelligence, temperance, self-restraint, buying of property, a bank account, and becoming a producer as the successive steps in building. His address abounded in sound sense, good advice, eloquence and philosophy. Since his appearance a generous spirit has been abroad, and real work has been done for the betterment of the race. From that day the commissioned leaders of Louisville have been earnestly and harmoniously working together for the purpose of advancing the Negro's economic status. Minister, lawyer, teacher, doctor, farmer, artisan and persons in every sphere of human endeavor have been creditably in evidence in the progress of this community. The prosperous and successful Afro-American men and women in Louisville are numerous, not too numerous, but unusually numerous.

One of the most substantial and successful business men in the city is Mr. D. L. Knight, who was the first man of color in Kentucky to establish a transfer line. He began his career in a

brickyard and by working regularly and saving his money, purchased a horse and wagon. To-day he owns eleven wagons. This equipment is styled "The Lightning Transfer Line." From the profits of his business he has purchased many and large holdings; he is a large tax payer on several pieces of property in the most desirable sections of the city. He puts into the hands of his race hundreds of dollars each month in wages and is regarded by the entire citizenry as a successful business man, and an exemplary citizen. He is a life member of the National Negro Business League and is the chief spirit in the organizing



HON. D. L. KNIGHT.



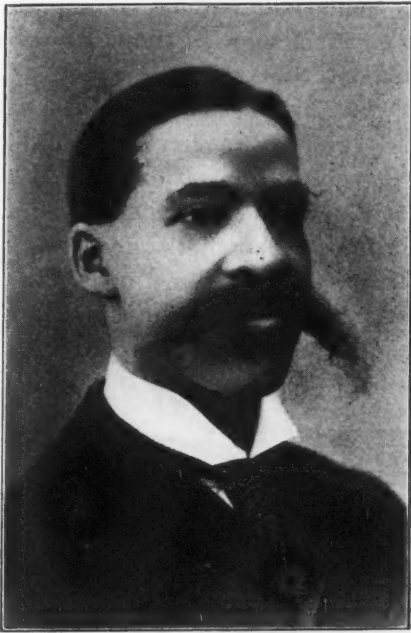
HON. A. S. WHITE.

of a State League. He is also President of the Falls City Realty Company, a prosperous concern under the control of Afro-Americans.

At the head of the legal profession in the state stands Albert S. White, a graduate of State University and the law department of Howard University. Mr. White stands high among the attorneys at the Kentucky bar and has distinguished himself as the foremost colored citizen of the commonwealth. He has been admitted to practise before the state Court of Appeals, and the Supreme Court of the United States. The many important criminal and civil cases that have been entrusted to him have been handled with ability that challenged admiration of both bench and bar. Mr. White is a prolific writer and has contributed to a number of the leading newspapers and journals. He is an eloquent orator, a platform speaker, and

has made many brilliant speeches in all parts of the country. He is what one would call a true and tried Republican. In 1902 he was appointed United States Revenue agent, the most responsible political office held by an Afro-American in Kentucky. Mr. White is also dean of Central Law School of Louisville. Mrs. Sallie J. White, his wife, was the first colored woman to receive a diploma from a law school in Kentucky, and the first to be admitted to the bar. She is Vice-President of the Woman's Improvement Club, and was first among the zealous workers who began the agitation for the installation of the Free Kindergarten in the public schools.

The Superintendents' Association of the National Educational Association met in Louisville last month. Many of the superintendents visited the Negro schools. These experienced educators were of one mind that the school system of Louisville compares well with the best systems in the United States. The head of one of the leading schools of the system is Prof. Wm. H. Perry, who is principal of Western School, the largest Afro-American public school in the country. It is conceded on all sides that Prof. Perry is one of the ablest educators of the race. His scholarly attainments, profundity of thought and Christian manhood have made him the most beloved educator in Kentucky. The progressive spirit of his school, discipline, fidelity, co-operation of his teachers, and the diffusion of industrial ideas, all have made it the most popular public school in this section. Prof. Perry has been President of Louisville Teachers' Institute, President State Teachers' As-



PROF. W. H. PERRY.

sociation and first President of the Central High School Alumni. He has studied at "Martha's Vineyard," Chicago University, completed a course at the Terre Haute Commercial School, graduated from Central Law School and received the master's degree from State University.

Miss Nannie H. Burroughs is one of the widely known women of the race and is the unquestioned leader of Baptist women of the country. As a business woman she has but few equals. Her office is a "bee hive of industry." She has long ago distinguished herself as a platform orator. No writer or speaker has more courageously and eloquently championed the cause of the race than has Miss Burroughs. She has carried off the honors at two world-interest Congresses. At the Young People's

Congress in Atlanta, 1902, the "Atlanta Constitution" said: "Miss Burroughs' address created a stronger impression than any heard at the Negro Congress." It will be remembered that all the stars of the Afro-American people were on the program, but it remained for this young woman to carry off the laurels.

At the recent World's Baptist Congress held in London, Miss Burroughs was one of the prominent speakers. The London Times, speaking of Miss Burroughs' effort said: "It was as eloquent as it was profound. She has great oratorical gifts." Mr. Bealer, a distinguished Southerner, in commenting upon the attention paid her, said: "Had Gladstone arisen from the dead, the English people would not have paid him more attention." The growth of Mission work among colored women under her direction as secretary has been marvelous. She has now on foot the planning of a National Training School for young women. Her caustic reply to Rev. Thomas Dixon's vile assertion that Negro women were without honor stands in the estimation of every thoughtful man and woman as an argu-



MISS N. H. BURROUGHS.

ment clear as light and irrefutable as a mathematical demonstration. Miss Burroughs is engaged in practical work as the leader of the industrial forces at the local Baptist headquarters.

Dr. Walter Adams is one among the thirty-one Afro-American doctors practicing in Louisville. Dr. Adams is a graduate of Meharry Medical College. As a student he made an unusual record in all the important branches of surgery, anatomy and physiology, therapeutics and

Cross Sanitarium, it has fallen to his lot to perform some of the most difficult and delicate operations of modern surgery. He has a large and lucrative practice and is medical examiner of several secret organizations.

Miss Lucy DuValle, the principal of the California School, is one of the leading factors in the educational work of Louisville. She enjoys to a remarkable degree the confidence of parents, children and school board. Her school stands



WALTER ADAMS.

materia medica, and the practice of medicine. There have been but few physicians to make such rapid strides as Dr. Adams in so short a period. He has the handsomest office in Louisville, a rubber tire "Standhope" and a fine Kentucky "thoroughbred." He has deeply ingratiated himself into the confidence and favor of the best element of all races, through his skill in medicine, as well as by the force of his character. As a resident physician to the Red

as a model of professional supervision and proficiency. She has a peculiar hold upon children; she is what one may safely call a born teacher. The California School is rated as the most progressive public school in the state. Miss DuValle has traveled extensively and gathered ideas from many sources, the best of which she has seen worked out with most signal success by her able corp of teachers. Among the other principals of the Louisville schools are

Profs. D. L. Lawson, A. E. Meyzeek, S. B. Taylor, J. S. Cotter, Steven Bell W. P. Annis and J. J. McKinley.

To quote my friend, Hunley Goodall, the Negroes are doing "most handsomely" in business.

Mr. E. I. Masterson is a notable representative of Tuskegee education. After graduating from the Louisville Central High School, he went to Tuskegee and studied tailoring. He came back home and set a stake. His business now stands as a monument to Tuskegee. Mr. Masterson's patronage covers both races. He is the style for Louisville. The art of cutting and fitting is in the hollow of his hand. He sent recently to Tuskegee a suit to be exhibited at the 25th Anniversary in April.

Johnson and Hansberry's market is the pride of the West End. Among the other thriving grocers are Messrs. McDowell, Tinsley, Conrad and Caldwell, Jos. Craine, H. S. Bonner, P. C. Curtis and others, all of Messrs W. J. Fuller and Mead Minnis are contracting carpenters with T. S. Lusby as a master mechanic. "People's Drug Store," with Dr. Richard Oliver, proprietor, and "Our Drugstore" in the East End, are flourishing business houses.

Guy Smith and Sons, Afro-Americans, conduct the largest moving and packing business in the state. The youngest son, Rochelle Smith, is one of the thorough going business spirits of Louisville and is secretary of the Falls City Realty Company. Mr. Thomas Cole, who is the treasurer of the Realty Company, is the proprietor of doubtless the handsomest cafe in the South. He

also owns a large block of valuable property. Jordan, the caterer, Beal the florist, Neighbors, the photographer, Garret, the tinner, Hopson, the tailor, Shipley and Adams, the cleaners, Park's Creamery, Fannings, the shoe merchant, and Mrs. Watson the undertaker, all have establishments of which Louisville is proud. R. H. Jewells operates a large dry goods store that commands a large phase of public patronage. There are barber shops, cafes and restaurants, innumerable.

A conservative estimate of the Afro-American population of Louisville is 50,000. There are 5,000 school children, 120 teachers, one High School, eight grammar schools, one University, a Law School, a Medical College, Y. M. C. A., two hospitals and a Carnegie library. There are over forty churches. Dr. J. H. Frank, Rev. LeRoy Ferguson, Dr. C. H. Parrish, Dr. S. W. Rives, Rev. W. H. Craighead and Rev. J. T. Morrow are among the distinguished local clergy. All are good, strong, able men.

Rev. L. G. Jordan, the "little steam engine of the Baptist denomination," is secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the National Baptist Convention, and also corresponding secretary of the Afro-American Council, with offices at 726 West Walnut street. His mail is so heavy and his work so arduous that he requires the assistance of a number of clerks. Miss Estella P. Carter of Galesburg, Ill., is his stenographer, and has been working for him in that capacity for the past three years; Mrs. Lula M. King of Vincennes, Ind., is the clerk, Miss Alice M. Howard of Hamilton,

Ontario, Canada, bookkeeper, and Miss Esther G. Irving of Cleveland, Ohio, stenographer for Miss Burroughs, whose office joins Dr. Jordan's, often assists him. Rev. Jordan operates an electric printing plant, the most modern this side of the Baptist house at Nashville,

Africa and the West Indies, and a well regulated office, conducting the immense business of the Board with such a degree of dispatch and accuracy as to receive the heartiest commendation of his large constituency throughout the country.

Misses Carter and Hudson, two pro-



MISS ATHOLENE PEYTON, TEACHER, AND AUTHOR OF
THE "PEYTONIA COOK BOOK."

Tenn. The National Baptist Convention has not a more efficient and a harder worked secretary. Under his supervision the Foreign Mission Department has grown from one missionary in Africa and one desk in an attic, to sixty-five missionaries in West Africa, South

gressive young women, conduct the largest dressmaking establishment in Louisville. They work quite a force of young ladies and contract with Main street firms for Spring and Fall work. Their place is thoroughly equipped to carry on a successful business. Colored

business men have organized and purchased two beautiful cemeteries, one in the eastern and one in the western part of the city. There are ten undertaking establishments under the ownership of Afro-Americans.

Mr. George Carter is a practical machinist, operating his own plant, and is constantly called upon to install machinery of all kinds in the largest establishments in the city.

Mr. W. A. Roberson is an inspector in the U. S. Quartermaster's Department at Jeffersonville, Ind. He is an inventor of reputation and has before the Commission of patents two inventions likely to win for him both fame and fortune.

Louisville is in line with the domestic science spirit of the age. A number of the women have taken advantage of training offered by the city. Miss Atholene Peyton is not only a teacher in the public schools, but is also a culinary artist of recognized ability, being the author of the "Peytonia Cook Book."

The Afro Americans of Louisville pay taxes on over a million dollars' worth of property, own and live in homes situated in all sections of the city, built and furnished in modern style. The fraternities are numerous. The Odd Fellows, U. B. F., and True Reformers

now occupy very large halls, and have recently let contracts for larger edifices. There are five Negro journals which are ably, fearlessly and brilliantly edited by such versatile men as Wm. H. Steward, a national leader of thought; W. D. Johnson, Dr. W. T. Peyton, Revs. L. J. Jordan and S. W. Rives. The Treble Clef Musical Society and the Phyllis Wheatley Reading Circle are among the many clubs of a high musical and literary standard. In the Federal Government service there are twelve clerks and more than thirty letter carriers; there is also a large force of Afro-Americans employed in the Internal Revenue Agency.

The Falls City Realty Co., capitalized at \$10,000, comes as a God-send to the Afro-American people. Its aim is to release colored people from congestive districts and enable them to live in better homes. It is expected that from this enterprise will develop the first Negro bank of Kentucky. From the schools of Louisville many students go directly to Tuskegee, Wilberforce, Howard, Fisk and Hampton.

The culture, intelligence, economic and industrial activity of the Louisville Negroes are winning for the race a place secure and high in the life of the city.

The Afro-American Realty Co.'s New Home

THE Afro-American Realty Company has removed its offices from 49 Maiden Lane, and are now located in their own buildings, 330 to 338

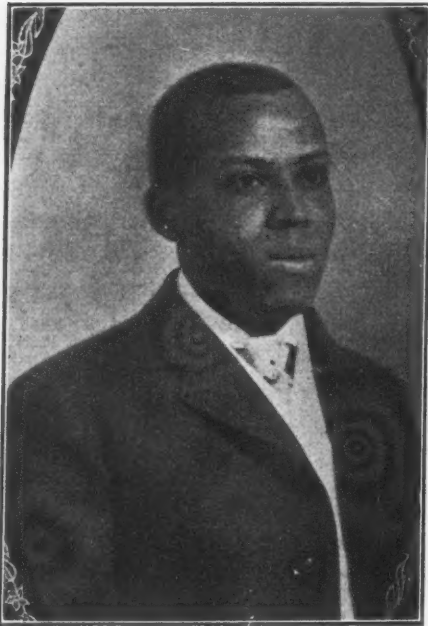
West 59th street.

All correspondence should be sent to that address.

PHILIP A. PAYTON, JR., President.

BELL BOY IN THE CLOCK

By MATTHEW D. BENNETT



An' you cain't see yo' keyhole
Fo' feelin' fo' de lock—
Den dis am what dem bell boys call
"Gittin' in de clock."

You reaches home 'bout five bells,
W'en you'se due to wuk at six,
An' all de fancy stuff you dranked
Hab fo'med an' orful mix.

Li'l Sallie come to call you,
De ol' man and mammy knock,
But not er soun' comes f'om de room,
Ez you is "in de clock."

"Mandy! heah dat boy a sno'in'?
'Larm clock hit's done run away;
Lawdy! Telumphone de Cap'n
Eph cain't do no wuk to-day."

"Oh, fo' some li'l cosy conah,"
Said "Sleepy Bull" to "Funny Jones,"
"I feels so orful, orful tiahed
I'd lak to res' mah wairy bones."

"'Hongry,' doan fo'git to call me,
An' w'en you call me, b'shuah an' knock—
I b'lieves I'll tek a li'l nap,
Cause I'se almos' 'in de clock.'

WHEN you is feelin' drowsy,
An' bags, deys comin' in,
Wid bell boys rushin' right an' lef',
'Midst de mawnin's busy din,

An' you wuz out de night befo',
A callin' on yo' gal,
An' met by chance some friends ob yourn,
Maybe some ol'-time pal,

An' you discussed bellhoppin'
F'om Manhattan to Palm Beach,
W'en some game beli boy did sugges'
A gin-mill dat's in reach,

Whar you kin call a waiter
An' ordah up rite swell,
An' be served de same drinks
You served gues's at de hotel—

Den you is feelin' drowsy,
Reaches home all broken down
F'om de rev'lry o' de night befo'
An' yo' ramblin' thru de town,

"An' you kin tell de 'Pure'n H'art,'
Ef he wakes up befo' I do,
Please sah, take a li'l ice water
Up to room fo' two.

"Den tell de Watuh Boy fo' me,
W'en he gits thru ca'in dat pail,
To ax de Cap'n, please sah,
To sign him to ca'y mah mail."

"Gib mah riga'ds to 'Short Hose,'
Who's a bell boy so nicknamed
On account ob his small stature,
An' one dat's evah famed

"Fo' tellin' dreams, an' mekin' time,
An' writin' verse an' song,
But who could raily go to sleep
An' still walk right uhlong.

"So dis funny li'l espreshun,
What you heah dem bell boys say
W'en dey's been out de night befo',
An' feels sleepy all naix day.

"An' dey keeps on gittin' drowsy,
An' dere heads dey bump an' knock,
Den dis hyar am what dem bell boys call
'Gittin' in de clock.'"



DREAMING OF THE TIME WHEN HE WILL OWN THE HOTEL,—FROM A DRAWING BY FRANK ALLEN.

The Situation in Africa Through English Eyes

ONE of the peculiar anomalies incident upon the life and varied activities of the Afro-American, is his utter ignorance of the conditions prevailing in the fatherland, and the astounding indifference with which he treats all questions affecting the continent, which arise from time to time in all quarters. The dismemberment of China, threatened every now and then by editors and other warriors, is, at best, merely a conjectural indulgence, and recurs with the changing seasons, and the caprices of the General Staff. Not so with the dismemberment and ravishing of Africa. The ravishing of the continent has been prosecuted for years, and is being relentlessly and heartlessly prosecuted at the present time. Dismemberment is almost complete. The several European powers that have taken part in the general sin have become emboldened because of the acquiescence of the civilized world, as much as because of the disadvantages under which the natives live and labor.

England, which led the way into Africa, while not as fair with the subjects as she could well afford to be, and as she should be, is still inclined towards equity and justice. Unlike Germany and Belgium England has not, in order to subdue them, indulged in atrocious torturing of the natives under its flag. Yet it has gathered sufficient courage, and thinks its hold upon Africa secure enough, to openly avow that as long as a white man lives and guns are available, England intends to stay in Africa. It

would appear to thinking men, that the Africans in the United States, would strive in some way, to connect with the leaders of the various native movements on the continent, and seek to assist them wherever and whenever possible, in this titanic struggle in which the natives are daily engaged. Possessing every advantage, hedged off from civilization by nothing, students in the brilliant school of American government, possessing lands and moneys and strong men, having free access to every mode of travel, newspapers within their reach, the Afro-Americans might with every assurance of effectual work, throw themselves into the breach of the Ethiopian movement, and hold the light while the natives fight for liberty. Such an interest in African affairs would strengthen them in many ways, and it would prove that the element of racial confidence, and final sympathy, were virtues not lacking in the descendants of the once proud and world ruling souls of Africa.

The London Spectator, the mouth-piece of conservative England, recently contained a remarkable resume of the African situation, treating the question from the view point of the Englishman and the white man, reflecting, doubtless, the opinion, not only of England, whose colonistic policy the Spectator upholds, but of all the Nations that have established themselves in Africa. Extracts from such an article are liable to be misleading; students of the Negro question, and the American Negroes themselves, in the light of the etesian and insane

advocacy of the plan of sending the colored people of Africa, ought to know the situation as it is.

Says the *Spectator*, in explanation of the recent trouble in Natal:

We do not think that too much importance should be attached to the present native trouble in Natal. So far as the facts appear, the disturbances would seem to be isolated and inconsiderable. A poll tax has been recently introduced into that colony to supplement the hut tax, and is levied upon the young bloods of a tribe who have no kraals of their own. About fourteen miles from Pietermaritzburg there is a small settlement of Christianized Kaffirs belonging to the Mvelis tribe, who announced their intention of resisting the new levy. Accordingly, when on Friday week a detachment of the Natal police were sent to collect it, some forty natives ambushed the party, and in the fight which followed an inspector and a trooper were killed and another inspector was wounded. The rest made their escape, martial law was proclaimed, and the following day a strong force of Natal Carbineers went out to find the murderers, who had fled to the difficult bush country around the source of the Unkomaas River. Imperial troops were offered from the Transvaal to supplement the resources of the local authorities. The other native tribes have remained quiet, and the Mvelis chief has volunteered to assist in the capture of the offenders, who are said not to exceed fifty in number. So far the trouble seems nothing more than a violent breach of the peace by a few unruly natives. The only sinister facts in the case are that the Mvelis are Christianized, and apparently under the influence of the Ethiopian movement. Hitherto it had been believed that Natal was almost exempt from that ill-omened propaganda, but if rumor speaks true, it shows that it has wider ramifications

than was supposed, and is capable of stirring its votaries to active rebellion.

The importance of the event is the light it casts on the position of the white population in South Africa. We think and speak of the sub continent as a "white man's country;" and so it is if we look at its capacity for supporting a prosperous white race. But on the facts at the moment the whites are a small settlement in the midst of a dense native population. If such a population should combine to rise against their white masters, obviously the risk of annihilation would be of the gravest. Natal is perhaps in the worst position. She has no imperial troops and her active militia do not exceed 3,500 men. The task of garrisoning towns and villages, quite apart from that of conducting operations in the field, would be beyond her power. She has a purely native population of over 900,000, exclusive of Indians and colored people, while the white race does not exceed some 97,000, or about one-tenth of the whole. Elsewhere in South Africa the disproportion if not equally great, is yet most remarkable. In Cape Colony three-fourths are colored and three-fifths are pure Kaffirs. In the Orange River Colony the natives are twice the number of whites. In the Transvaal the proportion is three to one, in Rhodesia fifty to one. Then we have the native reserves of Swaziland, Basutoland and the Bechuanaland Protectorate, where the white population is about 3,000 all told and the native population more than 550,000. Nor can we omit, in considering the strategical features of the situation, the natives in the German and Portuguese possessions, who number at least 2,000,000. In South Africa, therefore, south of Zambesi the natives may be taken as outnumbering the whites by five to one. If there should arise a leader among this vast people, or if some common grievance against their white masters

should coerce them into unity, it is hard to see what could save South Africa civilization except a long and terrible war and the extermination of the malcontents.

Those who take a hopeful view of the situation base their arguments on two grounds—the distance in space from one black centre to another and the strongly marked racial differences. In Cape Colony the bulk of the natives are segregated in the Transkeian territories, and elsewhere they are mere knots of farm laborers and squatters. Basutoland is separated from Bechuanaland by some hundreds of miles and from Rhodesia by a thousand. In the Transvaal the natives live for the most part in reserves at great distances from each other. Swaziland, Basutoland and Zululand are the only important native centres, and they are commanded strategically by the white districts. In the second place it is argued that race hatred is as strong between natives as it can ever be between black and white. Ever since Tshaka used his Zulu impis to scatter the old populations of the veld there has been an abiding distrust between tribe and tribe. The Swazi has no dealings with the Basuto; the Cape Colony Kaffirs have nothing in common with the Matabele; the tribes of the northern Transvaal are despised by the Zulus. In case of a tribal rising, it is maintained, it would be easy to keep the other tribes quiet and so isolate the offenders. It is further pointed out that in many parts of the country the natives are without firearms, and that the assegais and knobkerries which were so deadly fifty years ago would stand small chance against modern weapons of precision, however few the white defenders. Further, long years of peace have destroyed, save in Basutoland, any military organization, and the decay of hunting has deprived the native of much of his veld craft and hardihood. All this is true, but none

the less there are forces at work which seem to us to weaken these various securities. Civilization is by its own methods endangering itself. The need of labor is making the native travel far and wide, and by this means native races are acquiring a new solidarity. The Swazi fraternizes with the Zulu in the compounds of Johannesburg, and old race quarrels are being forgotten. Tribal fights, which were of everyday occurrence on the Rand ten years ago, are now few and insignificant. Further, what education the native gets tends to break down his tribal prejudices, while it does not weaken those of his class and color. His power of secret communication over great distances has always been the wonder of his neighbors, and now if he wishes he has the resources of civilization to aid him.

We are no alarmists, and do not believe seriously in the likelihood of any general organized native rising; but at the same time it is worth pointing out that too much reliance must not be placed on distances of space and tribal jealousies. The years will inevitably consolidate native feeling, and it is our business to seek other safeguards. The most important at present is our military superiority. The native is declining as a fighting man, and must continue to decline. We have never raised native regiments as we have done elsewhere in Africa, and in a country so situated it was a wise refusal. A native rising would be a war of ill organized civilians against a strong military power. No doubt there might be horrible atrocities here and there before help could arrive, but it is difficult to believe that the thing could not be checked before it grew into serious war. The second fact is that there is no ground to assume that the natives will rise unless we outrage their sense of justice, or suffer them to become the prey of some insane propaganda. This is a very good reason for being careful about our native

policy, for the native question is, after all, the most intricate and the most permanent of South African problems. Hitherto we have acted, on the whole, wisely. We have endeavored to maintain tribal organizations under our protection while the authority of the chief was still potent. The Kaffir is familiar with the idea of a Paramount, and is content to find security and prosperity under our aegis. But already the reserves are becoming overcrowded, the power of the chiefs is on the wane, and it is the more or less detribalized Kaffir who will be our difficulty in the future. A smattering of education and a nominal profession of Christianity will not keep him out of mischief, for it must be remembered that the natives whom the Natal police are looking for are by way of being Christianized. In the long run, the only safeguard is to give him a share in a higher civilization.

By this we do not mean the politi-

cal franchise, or any such expedient. White must rule black for the present, and the sooner this is recognized the better. But we can give him an interest in the prosperity of the country by fitting him to take his place in our social fabric. By a proper system of technical instruction we can offer him an industrial future; we can educate him in the wants of civilization and give him the means of supplying them; we can raise his whole standard of self-respect. And at the same time we must protect him against exploitation by doubtful fanatics, whether under the guise of Ethiopianism, or any such creed. The decaying tribes will not be united by a military genius, but they may come together for a dangerous moment under the influence of some crazy faith. It is our duty to protect the uncivilized against the dangers of their status, and meanwhile to do all in our power to raise it.

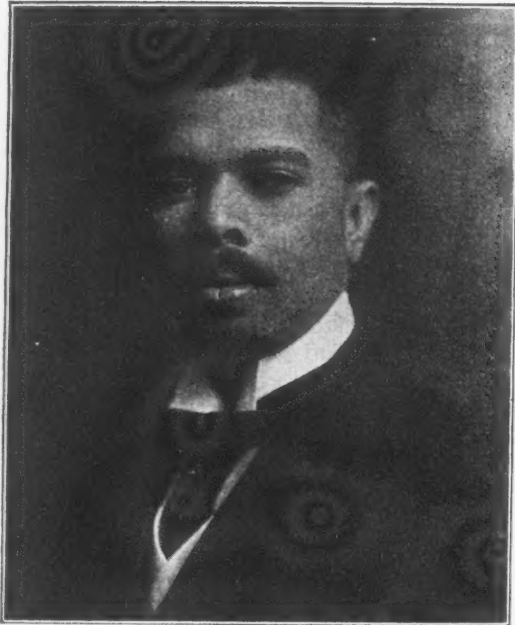
James W. Johnson, Consul

THE announcement of the appointment of James W. Johnson, of New York, as United States Consul at Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, was recently made by the Department of State. Mr. Johnson succeeds Mr. J. B. Peterson, who resigned some months ago to become Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second District of New York.

Mr. Johnson is President of the Colored Republican Club of New York, the largest organization of its kind in the Republic; he succeeded the Hon. Chas. W. Anderson, who was elected Honor-

ary President. Of the now famous company of Cole and Johnson, playwrights and music authors, he is the literary member, and has contributed no small share to the large and gratifying success that these apostles of a higher note have enjoyed and enjoy to-day. A university graduate, a lawyer, a post graduate of Columbia University, Mr. Johnson has made his way to the very center of the brilliant array of young men now in the public eye.

For a number of years Mr. Johnson was principal of the High School of Jacksonville, Florida, his nativity, and



JAMES W. JOHNSON

in spite of the protest of the population of Duval County, resigned from this work to join his brother, J. Rosamond, and his friend, Robert (Bob) Cole in New York. Here he soon became a large and useful figure in both the social, literary and public life of the metropolis. Ability, common sense, diplomacy, bearing, and the vision of genius, all these virtues he possesses. Possessing them, he marched steadily, confidently, yet without ostentation, toward the high mark of his calling. To the periodical press Mr. Johnson has long been a successful contributor, his productions calling forth, from both critic and editor, praise; praise, however, both merited and genuine. His poetry has appeared in the literary publications that stand, and have always stood, in the very front rank of the thought-bearers of the new world. A man of genius himself,

he enjoys the friendship and esteem of men high in the literary field. Through all the successes which have come to him, however, Mr. Johnson has retained a zealous and an even interest in the progress of the people with whom he is identified. During his recent tour of the continent, a tour made with J. Rosamond Johnson and Robert Cole, he contributed to the New York Age a series of letters the brilliancy of which was the evening gossip of the lights of the pen, and the publicists. These papers read now like the first chapters of some gripping book of travel.

The appointment of Mr. Johnson is ideal. The Afro-American people are fortunate, extremely fortunate, in the men now being selected from their numbers for high and honorable positions in the service of the Republic.

You may stand them up alongside of any officials of the government without fear of comparison. Not because he is learned in three languages, or because he is a writer of note, or because he possesses the elements of a diplomatist, or yet because he has a bearing of unconscious dignity, does this appointment of Mr. Johnson give such general satisfaction. These are mere elementals. His appointment is strikingly appropriate because of his character, the promise of which is reassuring to his people and his country alike.

More Andersons, more Johnsons, in short, more men of capabilities and force of character, and after awhile, if the country will be patient, men shall know of what stuff this people is made.



ENTRANCE ON STATE STREET.

The A. C. Howard Shoe Polish Factory

THE recent report that an Afro-American had leased quite a large space in Water street, New York City, to be used for a branch



A. C. HOWARD.

factory, the main plant of which is located in Chicago, attracted an unusual amount of attention. In the first place the natives were not acquainted with any factory under the control, not to say ownership, of an Afro-American, large enough to justify any branching out of any kind whatsoever; in the second place, if there was any such factory owned and operated by an Afro-American, and its business justified the managers in leasing buildings in Water street, New York City, such had not received the attention due it.

There are very few Afro-Americans who have followed closely the yearly gatherings of the National Negro Business League, that are not acquainted, in some measure, with the A. C. Howard Shoe Polish Factory. Mr. Howard himself is a prominent

member of the League, to which he gives the credit for the inspiration of his business career, and before which, to the delight of the multitude, he yearly tells, in an engaging manner, how he began what is now one of the large polish industries in the country, and how such has grown steadily from the start. In Chicago, where the factory is located, Mr. Howard is one of

flourish as the June rose, and the home of all defeated candidates for offices of the state. Mr. Howard early in his youth, after attending the public schools for a number of years, drifted, as so many of the Valley boys drift, towards Chicago. There young Howard secured employment with the Pullman Palace Car Company, which has been extremely liberal towards the young men of the



OFFICE OF THE HOWARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

the leading forces in the commercial life of the Negro, and enjoys the supreme confidence of the whole business element of the city, having been thrown for a number of years into close contact with the controllers and managers of the largest mercantile establishments in the pushing capital of the mighty West.

Mr. Howard was born down in Mississippi, at Lexington, in the famous county of Holmes, where politicians

Afro American race. It has often been pointed out that few men have enjoyed such wide opportunities for accumulation, and for the laying of a sure foundation for a career of complete independence as the Afro-American men who have been in the employment of the Pullman Company. But instead of improving such opportunity as they have enjoyed, for the most part, they have abused it by neglect on the one hand,

and on the other by failing to thoroughly understand that while fortune may knock at a man's door more than once, she doesn't stand there and knock all day long.

Mr. Howard remained in the employ of the company for a number of years, merely as a porter, making whatever trips the district superintendent laid out for him. Boot-blackening was a part of his daily, rather nightly, task. The more boots he blacked the more interested he became in the job; he soon became known as the best polisher in the service. None were able to give a reason for his ability to get more out of the polish in use than others who were engaged in a like manner; only a few indulged in suspicion. The fact was that Mr. Howard had been doctoring the stuffs which were then in use.

Polish and its ingredients interested him, and he became an experimentalist with it. Shortly Mr. Howard began to use the results of his experiments on the shoes of the passengers. This departure proved surprisingly successful. He persisted in experimenting, and out of this came a new character of polish. He began in earnest to manufacture the polish which he used, and he thought that it gave better service than any other polish on the market, certainly better than that which he had been using for years. While his polish was superior to other polishes, and gave higher satisfaction both to himself and those on whose shoes he used it, he experienced trouble in preparing it sufficiently well to be marketable. Then for eighteen months, long months and hard, he experimented with this phase



SHIPPING DEPARTMENT OF THE HOWARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY.



LABORATORY OF THE HOWARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

of the problem, finally succeeding in putting it up securely, so that it would keep without any unnecessary loss of strength.

Mr. Howard's first output consisted of a dozen boxes. He delivered them with his hands to a dealer and thanked him profusely for even giving them a place on his shelf. The aspiring manufacturer casually dropped in the next day to inquire after the fate of his wares. He was surprised to learn that the dozen had been sold on the same day they were left. The dealer gave him an order for two dozen more. That was the simple beginning of what is now a large, flourishing and still widening trade. Mr. Howard continued in the employ of the Pullman Company until he had accumulated \$180. He resigned his "position," and with this sum for

capital, set to work as a manufacturer of shoe polish.

That was in the early winter of 1899. For two years the struggle was unusually hard. Mr. Howard prepared his goods in an unlabelled, common-looking tin box, and his appliances were almost too simple for their task. His deliveries were made in person. He felt, however, that he was making better polish than was then on the market, and he knew that as soon as the trade found out that his productions were better than Bixby's or Whitmore's, there would be no trouble in disposing of them. He very wisely made business friends of the boot blacks on the street, and of the porters on the railroads. They asked for his polishes at the counter, and if the counter did not then have them, the counters soon secured



HOWARD'S POLISHES AS THEY APPEAR ON THE COUNTER.

them. In 1900 he happened to be in Boston at the time of the meeting of the National Negro Business League. The careers of the men who there told of the low estates from which they had sprung inspired him, and he returned to Chicago under a new influence, persuaded that it was possible for him to develop a large and prosperous manufacturing house. He has done so.

The Howard Manufacturing Company has now a large building on State street, Chicago, and branch offices in the large cities of the Republic. The first team that Mr. Howard employed in delivering his goods was bought on the installment plan. The delivery business has developed to such an extent as to justify one man to contract for it, and three teams are now required steadily in the shipping department. In all the

Chicago department stores Howard's polish has superseded the old line concoctions; this may also be said of New York, where these preparations are steadily gaining a foothold both in the large department stores and in the warehouses of the wholesale dealer and the exporter. The foreign trade has kept apace with the home consumption, and in many of the larger capitals of Europe the leading import houses are introducing these polishes to the trade. In Mexico City there is an especial demand for Howard's goods, one firm alone ordering by the hundred grosses several times the year. Three years after the factory was working with anything like regularity, the yearly business ran over ten thousand dollars; three years after this the yearly business had almost doubled.

The workshop of the plant is fitted with the latest improved machinery, and the increasing business justifies new additions in the mechanical department each year, so that the factory is well equipped, and suffers by comparison with no polish factory in the West.

The executive department of the Howard Manufacturing Company employs regularly twelve clerks, bookkeepers and stenographers, all men and women of the same identification as Mr.

Howard; the workers in all departments of the plant are Afro Americans, and they have demonstrated their ability to prepare as good polish as the workers who prepare Bixby's.

The Howard Manufacturing Company is just seven years old. Its future may be predicted by the sign of its present progress, so forcibly presented in the opening of a branch office in New York, opened as it was, to meet the expanding trade.

HERE AND THERE

An Afro-American Log Exporter.

ONE of the largest and most successful log exporters in the Republic is an Afro-American who lives down in Virginia. Mr. W. H. Johnson of Barnesville has been a log exporter for sixteen year, and during that time has managed to develop a business extending over several avenues of industry.

Mr. Johnson chanced to embark in the exporting business upon the suggestion of a white man, a captain of a ship which transported timber. Mr. Johnson was then cutting cross ties. The captain and Mr. Johnson entered into a partnership, and on their first shipment cleared seventy-five dollars each. The captain died soon after this. So what promised to be an interesting and profitable partnership was cut short. Mr. Johnson then entered into a con-

tract with a lumber company in Baltimore to furnish logs and timber. From 1887 to 1896 he remained with this



W. H. JOHNSON.

company, shipping them an average of a schooner of logs each month and clearing from one hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars a schooner. In 1896 the company went under. Mr. Johnson emerged from the wreckage penniless, and with only three cars of logs and they only partially paid for. Says Johnson: "These were the darkest days of life. I had given my wife one hundred and fifty dollars in gold, and I could not move my logs without stealing her money." He moved the logs.

Mr. Johnson shipped a load of logs to Germany, after repeated efforts. But four months elapsed before he received the money for his consignment. In the meantime he was without capital. When the money did show up, however, he found that he made a profit of \$300. This margin was not sufficient to justify him in continuing to ship across the ocean. He turned again to the domestic trade. He succeeded in interesting a representative of a large German mill, whereby an arrangement was perfected to cover the shipment on receipt of bill of lading. That was the real bill. Ever since Mr. Johnson's shipping has been confined almost wholly to the export business. His logs bring from sixty to three hundred dollars per thousand. His principal points are Liverpool and Hamburg.

In connection with his shipping interests, Mr. Johnson owns and operates a saw mill that employs twenty-five men, one-third of whom are white men. It is interesting to know that the sawyer is a white man. The sawyer nor Mr. Johnson seems to be harassed by the race problem. Mr. Johnson holds the

clear deed and title to 700 acres of Virginia land, sixteen mules, one-fourth as many horses, one half as many oxen, and appears to be moving on. He has solved the problem on Earth.

In his various deposits in banks he has not forgotten the efforts of Afro-American bankers. He is a heavy depositor in the True Reformers Bank at Richmond.

A New York Undertaker.

IN the very front rank of the progressive element of the Afro-American citizenship of New York



C. FRANKLIN CARR.

contributing a large share to the general success now marking the career of this element of the city's population, C. Franklin Carr, one of the youngest and strongest of the present generation of business men, is making what is not

short of a remarkable success as an undertaker and embalmer, having built up within three years a flourishing and prosperous establishment. Undertaking is the one business whose flourish and prosperity depend upon the final and certain physical failure of mankind. There are a goodly number of Afro-American undertakers and embalmers in the greater city, and they seem to be enjoying an equitable share of the sombre trade.

Mr. Carr is a native New Yorker. He was born in 1881. When he was five months old his mother died. At the age of five years he was placed in the Orphan Asylum for Colored Children, where he remained until he arrived at ten years. At this age he began his apprenticeship under James H. Matthews, remaining in this work ten years, finishing, in the meantime, the course of study in the United States College of Embalming, from which he graduated in 1896.

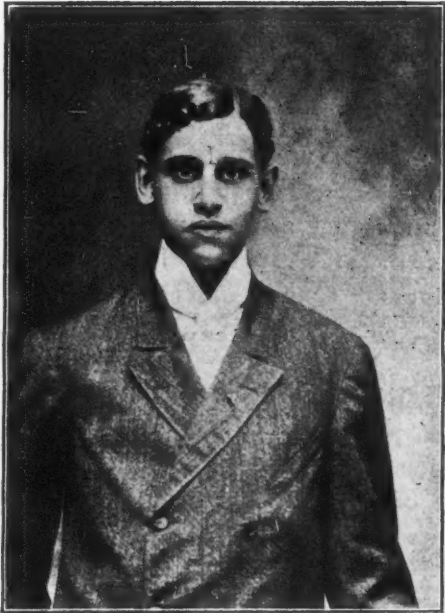
Mr. Carr entered the Postal service in New York city in 1901, and remained in the employ of the government two years, husbanding, as best he could, both his earnings and energies. It is an easy matter, comparatively, for one, in the employ of the New York Postoffice, to husband his earnings; but it is another and different thing for one to husband his energies. In 1903 Mr. Carr resigned from his position in the Postoffice and immediately opened an undertaking establishment, having been previously granted a license as an Embalmer and Funeral Director. He began humbly, but by the application of his ability, by intelligence, by industry,

and a mastery of every detail of the business, his establishment has gradually broadened and prospered, and he himself has become an influential and respected member of his profession, as well as a citizen the success and character of whom form no few lines of the successive chapters of the progress of the Afro-American people. Mr. Carr's business, located at 350 West 53d street, continues to grow and he continues to impress himself as a successful business character. Mr. Carr is a member of the True Reformers, the Order of Moses, St. Luke's, the Southern League, the Elks, Terry Lodge, the Society of St. Mary, and numerous other organizations.

Mr. Carr's mother was Miss Ida K. Hockaday of Charleston, S. C. She was married in 1875 with Charles A. Carr of Virginia, and died in 1881, at the age of twenty-six. Mr. Carr has one sister, Mrs. Thomas G. Coates of Philadelphia, and a brother, who lives in New York city. His father, Charles A. Carr, has been employed in the banking district of New York twenty-five years, and at present holds a responsible position in the Corn Exchange Bank.

A Promising Artist.

THE drawing to be found in this issue of this publication, "The Bell Boy In The Clock" is by the pen of Frank Allen, an extremely youthful but promising artist. Mr. Allen is passionately devoted to the study of the art of drawing, and prosecutes it with assiduity. Mr. Allen was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1883. He attended and finished from the Broadway Grammar



FRANK ALLEN,
An Art Student.

School, Norwich, in 1900. He then entered the Norwich Academy entering with the class of 1904. It was while a student at the Academy that Mr. Allen began the study of drawing. He came to New York three years ago to take advantage of the enlarged opportunities for the study of art. He is employed at the Bretton Hall Hotel, devoting all his spare time to his studies, and saving his earnings in order to perfect himself in his chosen field.

An Aspirant In The Law.

WALTER W. DELSARTE was born in Bound Brook, N. J., an January 23, 1881, and has lived in Brooklyn for twenty-two years. He left public school when only thirteen years of age, and obtained employment.

He early decided to study the law, and while every hope of becoming a

lawyer depended upon what he might accomplish in that direction after business hours, he became discouraged never a moment. He studied and mastered stenography, the stepping stone to the law, and for several years was employed as stenographer and typewriter by the law firm of Townsend and McClelland, in Manhattan. He attended the night classes of the New York Preparatory School, where he prepared for entrance into the Law School.

Working as a stenographer, by day, and prosecuting his studies by night, he finally graduated from the Law Department of Saint Lawrence University, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws, in June 1905, and was admitted to the Bar the following month. His employers immediately promoted him to



WALTER W. DELSARTE.

the position of managing clerk, but, believing that his own interests required a severance of his connection with the firm, he gave up his position on the first of January 1906, and became the chief assistant to Wilford H. Smith. Mr. Delsorte is steady, studious and strong. He ought to succeed in the law.

A Promising Tenor Singer.

AN aspiring and youthful tenor of promise, Mr. William Henry Johnson continues to score a success as



WILLIAM HENRY JOHNSON.

a vocal artist of rare ability. Mr. Johnson, while appreciating the kindly praise the public has bestowed upon his efforts, is persistent in seeking to improve his voice by a regular course of training. Mr. Johnson has shown his native adaptability for music in the composi-

tion of an unusual ballad "Be Gentle To Your Mother," published by the Columbia Music Company of Chicago, and which enjoyed a wide sale, particularly in the West. In this ballad Mr. Johnson gives great promise of a successful career as a composer. He has a voice of wide range, and extraordinary fullness of tone.

An Afro-American Controls the Manufacture of Brick.

CONTROLLING two brick-making plants in the same county, one of which is operated with white help, and one of which, when completed, is to be operated with colored, George W. Cook of Ithaca bids fair to become a brick magnate; indeed he might form a brick trust all by himself. Mr. Cook recently attracted renewed attention because of his efforts to form a brick-making company to be composed wholly of Afro-American men. The job seems to have been a hard one, but finally successful; so that, within a few months Mr. Cook will be the controlling factor in two companies in direct competition, each with the other.

Mr. Cook is the only practical brick-maker in his part of the state. For eleven years he was the direct manager of a brick-making company owned by white men. Three years ago, he counted change and decided to branch out for himself. Accordingly he organized the East Ithaca Red Brick and Tile Company, which has had a flourishing career. During the fourteen years in which he has engaged in the brick-making business Mr. Cook has built up a large trade. Many of the finest buildings in Ithaca have been built of the

Cook brick, and [nearly all the] city's streets have been [paved] with paving blocks made by his plant. His yard has employed regularly twenty-six men, during the past three years. ~~and~~ ~~the~~

Very recently Mr. Cook came upon the opportunity to purchase, at a very low figure, a brickyard at Spencer, N. Y. Spencer is some eighteen miles from Ithaca. The yards have good buildings, improved machinery, and seventeen acres of rich clay; the capacity is 30,000 bricks every ten hours. Mr. Cook organized a company of Afro-American to buy in this property because he wanted the race to demonstrate its capacity for constructive work. The company is composed of George W. Cook, Norwood R. Shields, a professor in the state college of Oklahoma territory, John E. Mason, of the Ithaca Postoffice, and William E. Payne of the Ithaca Hotel, all Afro-Americans of standing and ability.

The new works will open in the 26th of the present month. The machinery in the factory, modern and capable, is being repaired, and new machinery is being installed wherever it appears that it is needed. For the new company Mr. Cook's old company will build a steam brickdrives, in order that brick may be made in summer and in winter.

Mr. Cook is the leading force in the business life of the Afro-Americans of Ithaca, and regarded as one of the progressive business men of the county. There are not over six hundred Afro-American people in Ithaca, and while they are a progressive set, their business activity is not as wide as we might hope. They are a highly respected

element in the population, and likely, under the leadership of Mr. Cook, will widen their sphere of labors.

Built A Home In Old Virginia.

ALL of the men who have enjoyed the unusual opportunities for accumulation of money, easily earned, and so often too easily spent, offered in the service of the railroads, particularly in the Pullman Company, have not abused such. There are to be found now and then, here and there, men who have not only saved of their incomes, but



NORMAN RICHARDSON.

have invested in various kinds of businesses, and in property, in the localities where their headquarters may be, or in the communities in which they were reared. It cannot too frequently be pointed out that such opportunities as Pullman porters enjoy are rare, and the

most should be made of them, by a practice of saving, and by proper investment in some returnable business.

Norman Richardson was born in Farmville, Va. He came to New York city at an early age, and, his education being somewhat limited, sought employment as a waiter in a hotel. Mr. Richardson took a notion to travel, and rediscover some of his glorious country. Appreciating the advantage for travel, at no expense, offered by the railroad service, he secured employment with the Pullman Company as a steward, and has continued in the service for fifteen years. During these years he has practiced the habit of saving, and has built a beautiful home at Farmville, in old Virginia, where he was born. He has enjoyed the support and comfort of a beautiful family, consisting of a wife and two sons. His older son is now a student of art and music. Mr. Richardson is a rather unusual man in both his ideals and achievements. He did not have the advantage of a thorough education, but he has worked well, intelligently and effectually, to improve himself and those dependent upon him.

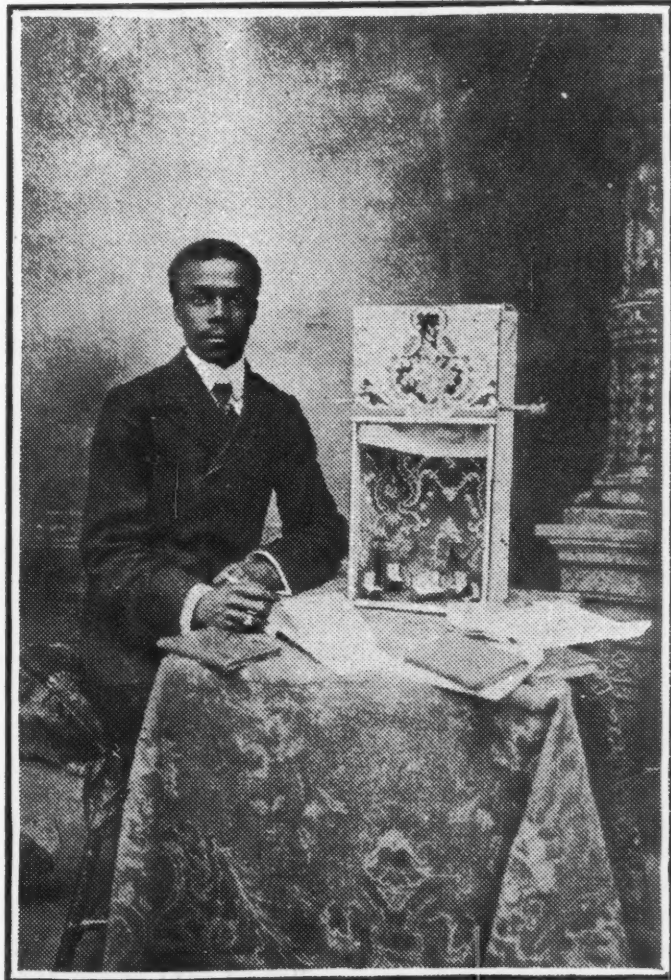
W. Henry Thomas, Playwright.

THE Afro-American people have developed in all directions. There is hardly any field of activity to which they have not contributed a representative, and generally, they have contributed several. Now here comes an Afro-American playwright. There are of course real playwrights of great power amongst this people. There are the Johnson brothers and Cole, and

Rogers and Shipp, the authors of "Abyssinia." These are national characters, and their productions are accorded praise from all quarters, and the American people pay tribute to applaud them in the open theatre. But there are also a number of amateur playwrights, and teachers of the art of acting, if such is to be taught.

Prof. W. Henry Thomas is a writer of talent, and in local circles holds a high position. His productions have attracted wide attention and a degree of success, having received approval from noted men of both races. His work is both entertaining and instructive. Prof. Thomas is President of the Dramatic Club of the Fifty-third street Y. M. C. A., and instructs the club at regular intervals. Besides his activity in this direction, he has a large Wednesday evening class of embryotic Thespians. Prof. Thomas will very shortly close his winter season, an unusually successful one, after which he will make his annual southern tour, covering Lynchburg, Charlottesville, his birthplace, and other Virginia cities, ending in Washington city.

Among the best known of Prof. Thomas' productions are "The Duel That Didn't Come Off," "Thister," "A Sad Discovery," "On the Brink," and "The Oldest Title in France." Prof. Thomas is himself an actor, and has appeared before large and cultured audiences in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, each of which has given unstinted praise to his efforts. For the next season he is now preparing several new plays, which will be seen first in New York.



W. HENRY THOMAS, A PROMISING PLAYWRIGHT.

Carrie W. Clifford

A STRONG character, pacificator, practical worker, brilliant writer, engaging speaker, Mrs. Carrie W. Clifford of Ohio is fastly developing into a national character among the talented array of Afro-American women now before the public. Mrs. Clifford is Honorary President of the Ohio Federation of Colored Women's Club, and was elected

In recent years she has done good work on her paper, the "Cleveland Journal," one of the strongest papers of the West, in which have appeared most of her clarion calls for men to rally around a common flag, and fight the common enemy. Mrs. Clifford is the mother of the idea of a central organization of the race, where would gather the leaders of the various organized



CARRIE W. CLIFFORD.

after serving for a number of years as President of that body. In large measure the high standing of the Federation is due the labors and thought of Mrs. Clifford, whose interest in the advancement of the womanhood of the race is absolutely disinterested. Some years ago she founded the "Queen's Gardens," a paper devoted to the spreading of the kindergarten idea.

bodies.

At the New York session of the National Negro Business League, Mrs. Clifford read one of the few papers that were of permanent value, and her tribute to the virtues of her mother, who was a great soul, carried the audience. She is really a rather unusual woman. She possesses the fundamentals in marked degree.

A. J. Wood, Alabama Merchant

THE Tuskegee Institute has sent out many men who are doing splendid objective work in the South; they are engaged as ministers, teachers, farmers, lawyers, doctors and merchants. A remarkable fact in connection with the spirit of Tuskegee education is the absolute unselfishness of its graduates, who, despite the superior advantages enjoyed at Tuskegee, repair, for the most part, to the rural districts of the South and there by precept and example lead their brothers toward the hills.

Some twelve years ago A. J. Wood, a country boy, graduated from Tuskegee. Instead of seeking the city he returned immediately to his home and began work among his people. Two years after he had permanently settled at Benton, he opened a small grocery store. From the very first the venture paid; it has steadily grown until to-day it is the largest and most prosperous general merchandise store in the territory of which Benton is the capital. The yearly business of Mr. Wood's store runs into the thousands, and he is gradually building up what may properly be called a department store. His trade comes from both white and black, and he is regarded by both races as the



A. J. WOOD.

most progressive merchant in his section.

Mr. Wood is deeply interested in the progress of the black folk around him, and under his leadership they have fought down the mortgage practice and secured control of much land around them; built school houses and extended the school term; reared churches, and generally emancipated themselves from economic slavery. More Woods in the black belt of the South, and the black folk will move to the high mark of living.

KEEP THE DATE BEFORE YOU

THE NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE will meet in Atlanta Ga., August 29, 30 and 31st, and remember that if you have not a local business league in your community that you should at once proceed

to organize one, and make it active in getting the people interested in business. Put yourself in communication with the undersigned.

FRED. R. MOORE,
4 Cedar street, N. Y.

Agnew and the Gas Reduction

THE passage by the Legislature of the State of New York, this year, of the eighty-cent gas bill (which has been approved by the Mayor of the City of New York and will doubtless be signed by the Governor), not only exemplifies in a marked degree the force of public opinion in a democracy, but attests to the dynamic force of a good, strong, able man, and his power for serving the public weal. A year ago the mutterings of the people against what appeared to them the unjust regime of an impregnable monopoly, became so violent that the legislature thought it well to appoint a Special Committee of three Senators and five Assemblymen with full and unlimited powers to enquire into conditions surrounding the gas and electric industry in the City of New York.

The Committee were appointed pursuant to a resolution adopted March 16th, 1905, and rendered their report together with drafts of proposed bills on May 2nd, 1905. All of these bills were passed in the Assembly, but the most important of them, namely, that fixing a rate for gas sold to the citizens of the City of New York, failed of passage in the Senate by only one vote. Many of the Democratic Senators from the City voting against the bill, notwithstanding the fact that the Mayor sent a telegram requesting their favorable action. It is said that this telegram was not delivered until after the vote had been taken; whether or not this is so is of no importance. It remains that the vote might

have been reconsidered, but no motion to that effect was made and the legislature adjourned sine die. This year virtually the same bill was introduced, and after passage by the Assembly it was received and passed by the Senate, without ever being referred to Committee and with but five negative votes. Of course, the explanation of such a remarkable reversal of sentiment on the part of the upper House in the short space of ten months, is that they have felt the pulse of the people, and, as a new Senate is to be elected this year, the grizzled and prudent old Senators have bowed, almost to a man, to the will of their sovereign, the common people, whose average judgment can always be trusted.

It must not be forgotten in a resume of this subject that two years ago the Mayor of the City of New York approved of the notorious Remsen bill, which offered a free gift of a valuable franchise to the Gas Company. (This was afterwards vetoed by the Governor of the State.) Now, the very same Mayor approves a bill, which has been most strenuously fought by the same gas interests. But it seems that he too has seen the handwriting on the wall, for he has approved the bill while at the same time returning a long apologetic message to the legislature, thus emphasizing his changed position in regard to the gas corporations.

The gas companies are now claiming that the pending law will be confiscation of their property rights, and that



GEORGE B. AGNEW, CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON ELECTRICITY,
GAS AND WATER SUPPLY, NEW YORK ASSEMBLY, REP-
RESENTING THE 27TH ASSEMBLY DISTRICT.

any price below one dollar per 1,000 cubic feet would be a rank injustice. On the other hand the investigation of the Committee of last spring, conducted by their able counsel, Charles E. Hughes, clearly showed that gas can be sold in the congested districts of the city of New York at eighty (80) cents per 1,000 cubic feet, and the selling company reap a fair and reasonable profit on their investment in the gas making business. This fair and reasonable profit would not, however, include the carrying charges on their investments in other heavily over capitalized corporations.

In all likelihood the companies will contest the new law in the Courts, who will then have to decide whether or not the established rate is fair and reasonable.

Until these cases are finally decided the companies will, after May 1st, be obliged to render bills at the eighty cent rate.

Our people should feel deeply grateful to the Republican party who have brought about the changed relation between producer and consumer, and to the Republican Governor, who doubtless before the appearance of this publication shall have signed the law.

The Afro-American people of New York should have a large interest, and a share of credit, for this triumph against the system. In the very van of the fight for reduction in the price of gas was George B. Agnew of the 27th Assembly District of New York, who is one of the real powers in the present regime at Albany. And yet before the overthrow of the old machine Mr.

Agnew was influential and highly respected, and then as now, was identified with the constructive element of the lower house. And, in large measure, the political success which has come to Mr. Agnew is due the almost undivided support given him by the colored Republicans of the 27th Assembly District, and without whom Mr. Agnew long ago would have been moved from the political board.

Mr. Agnew was educated at Princeton University; after his graduation in 1891, he went into business in New York city, and the same energy and intelligence and honesty he has used in politics he used in his business. He has only one weight, one measure. Mr. Agnew was first elected to the Assembly in 1902, defeating his Democratic opponent, Champ S. Andrews by not quite a thousand votes. He was returned in 1904 over George C. Norton. In 1905 his majority was reduced, but there were several candidates running, and he refused an endorsement from the Municipal Ownership League of his district, preferring to risk himself as a straight Republican, and win or lose without any entangling alliances.

In 1903 Mr. Agnew served on the following assembly committees: Affairs of Cities, Public Printing and Soldiers' Homes. He displayed unusual legislative ability for a first year man, and in 1904, when the committees were drafted he found a place on the following important committees: Affairs of Cities, Commerce and Navigation, and Public Lands and Forestry. It was during the session of this Assembly that the state became thoroughly acquainted with

the usefulness and vision of Mr. Agnew, and that he himself came to know, in some degree, his capabilities for high public service. In the Assembly of 1905, he was advanced by speaker Nixon to the Support of the Throne, being given a place on the Committee on Ways and Means. In the present Assembly Mr. Agnew is one of the strong characters, his influence being felt in all the constructive work of that body. Speaker Wadsworth advanced Mr. Agnew to the head of the Committee on Gas, Water and Electricity Supply, which, in view of the legislation coming directly under its control, may fairly be called the most important committee of the present Assembly. Linked with eighty cent gas is the name of George B. Agnew, the indefatigable force behind the consummation of the people's desire and command for reduction. Thus he establishes himself as a public benefactor worthy of a crown in the public square. His future will now depend upon his prudence and constancy for the public

good, coupled, of course, with his honesty of purpose and his unusual ability.

In the general life of the state and community, Mr. Agnew is a prominent figure. He is a member of the National Guard, and served on the staff of Gov. Morton as aide-de-camp, with the rank of Colonel. At present he is a second lieutenant in Squadron A. For four years he was a member of the Republican County Committee of New York.

Mr. Agnew believes, with Roosevelt, in the square deal and the equality of all men. Gentle in his manner, the very rock of integrity itself, the soul of honor, honesty and frankness in every line of his face, he bids fair to fill a high place in the affairs of his country, if he faints not nor grows weary.

Mr. Agnew is not a public speaker, in the common acceptance of that word; he is rather a worker, a thinker, a leader, no doubt. The Afro-American voter of New York has honor in honoring such men with his support.





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the American flag is our flag, and that its folds shall and must give us equal protection before the law. We have abused no privilege and we ask no special favor. We are American citizens and have no desire or intention of being other than American citizens.

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